

THE ARISTIDEAN.

FOR APRIL, 1845.

ART. I.—THE INTRIGUES OF ENGLAND.



WHEN the leaders of the Democratic party first asserted, during the late canvass of the popular vote, that the government of ENGLAND was engaged in a mean intrigue to prevent the annexation of TEXAS to this confederacy, they were met by an affected scorn, on the part of the leaders of the Whigs. The assertion was said to be the result of a false fear, generated by an Anglo-phobic constitution of mind. The clear and warning voice of ANDREW JACKSON, who was one of the first to discover the wily action of GREAT BRITAIN, was derided. It was said to not be the interest of the British cabinet, nor its inclination, to intrigue to our injury; and we were told that our fears were absurd. A famous senator stood on the floor of our national senate-house, and in pronouncing a panegyric on our ancient and irreconcilable enemy, proclaimed her too great to lie—and gave the emphatic declaration of her ministry, that she did not intend to interfere with a question, purely between TEXAS and this republican empire, as an evidence of her sincerity. Others followed in his wake, both in and out of Congress; invective and epithet were freely used to their merriment and our mortification; and the shafts of ridicule were shot at us daily, to seek for some weak joint in our armour of proof. From H. CLAY down to Mrs. BROOKS—from the highest and noblest of the opposing hosts, down to the lowest and meanest—we met with unflinching opposition; and every friend and advocate of annexation was denounced as a plunderer, a worshipper of slavery and an assassin.

Amid those who thus pandered to the designs of the English ministry, the Whig majority in the Senate of the UNITED STATES stood the most conspicuous. Their position, and their august offices as the representatives of sovereign states—made their action to be awaited with painful

anxiety. It was supposed that a sublime feeling of patriotism would have caused them to arise superior to the policy of political partizanship, and have impelled them to ratify a treaty so well calculated to confer a lasting good on their country. How utterly that supposition was overthrown, is recorded. They played willingly into the fingers of ENGLAND, and thus secured the anger of our people, for them and their crime. But if they reaped the whirlwind here, they at least found a summer breeze across the ATLANTIC. There, the press and the public voice lauded them for their treason, and the organ of the Tory ministry, the LONDON TIMES, complimented them for withstanding the national will, and said :

“ No House of Lords, in the most trying times of what it was then the fashion to call obstruction, ever stood the brunt of popular effort more constantly than the Senate of the United States ; and, emboldened by the certainty of defeat in another place, every popular leader raises his voice in the House of Representatives to carry by the authority of Congress measures which the President is too weak to achieve, and the Senate too wise to endure. The consequence of this state of things has inevitably been, that the Senate is the sole institution of the United States which commands the respect of foreign nations.”

The respect of foreign nations, may be a desirable thing, with some people ; but we believe that few sets of men in this country, out of the Senate, would desire to win it at the expense of their country's honour, and in exchange for their own honesty.

Before the highly wrought panegyric of the Anglo-philic senators had ceased to echo, the overtures made by Captain ELLIOTT, her Britannic Majesty's Chargé des Affaires, in TEXAS, became public. Here it was seen that the acknowledgment of Texan independence was to be wrung from MEXICO, and given to the young south-western republic, provided the party to whom the proffer was made would guarantee to preserve a national position, and steadily reject all overtures from us, for a national alliance. Such were the facts—they were not to be, and never have been disputed. ENGLAND thus gave her defenders the first lie in their teeth.

A great many persons thought that GREAT BRITAIN was endeavouring to grasp TEXAS, directly. This, of course, we did not believe ; but the belief was common, nevertheless. When it was broached, it met with the utmost ridicule, not so much of itself, as that it implied a design on the part of GREAT BRITAIN to extend her territory on this side of the ocean. We were told by the same senators who had before discovered those qualities in the British government, which ages of recorded time had failed to find, that ENGLAND had more land on this continent than she could well manage, and would not have more. Yet we now learn, by the downfall of SANTA ANA, that she has for months back been negotiating for the cession of CALIFORNIA. Where be these men now, who imputed to her the loss of her old love of extension of territory ? Where are their loud vaunts of her moderation, justice and truth ? What can they say now to hide their discomfiture and shame ?

During this last session of Congress, a new system of tactics, mean and disgraceful, was resorted to, in order to defeat the popular will, and

impede, if possible, the progress of the Democratic triumph. Our cheeks redden with shame and indignation as our pen writes it, but it must be told. Not only had we hints on hints about the terrible consequences of a war; not only was the strength of ENGLAND, in armies and navies, paraded before the country, in terror to our eyes; but one craven and miserable wretch, one consummate and trembling traitor, said on the floor of Congress, that ENGLAND would not *permit* annexation to be effected. ALMIGHTY GOD! aie we to wait for permission from Sir ROBERT PEEL, and his colleagues, before we conclude or determine upon points of national policy? Lives there then men who breathe this air, and talk of the assent or refusal of GREAT BRITAIN to our actions? It appears so, and we are sorry to record it.

And ENGLAND, we also find, has given her friends in this country, for the second time, the lie direct. For we see now after the publication of the letter of our Secretary of State, to our ambassador at PARIS, and the reply, that ENGLAND makes no secret of her designs. She accuses the government of FRANCE of duplicity in not joining her openly, and LOUIS PHILIPPE, trembling for the safety of the succession, has sent the Duc de BROGLIE to the British court, in order to concert means to overthrow our favourite project, without embroiling himself, if possible, with us. So that the falsehood and meanness of the Tory ministers is fully exposed; and the folly of their adherents in this country laid bare to every one. Somewhat of a re-action in feeling, has been produced among our opponents in consequence; and, as we write this, they are about to take the vote in the Senate on the project of MILTON BROWN, which has already passed the House of Representatives. The result of that vote, we shall be able to chronicle in this number; and to say from the record, whether we have retained unimpaired our old spirit of independence, or whether we have crouched to the feet of that power, whom we have so often defeated by land and sea.

On her throne of human bones—daintily arrayed in purple and fine linen—her nobles standing around her, and her millions of white serfs crouching at her feet—her wealthy and high-born revelling in their palaces, and her poor and obscure starving in their hovels—her name, the name for all that is infamous in international action—dispensing life and death to men and to nations—so sits ENGLAND. Her fleets swarm and cluster in the bays, and ascend the rivers of the most distant lands; her armies carry her motley flag into the most savage and inaccessible regions. In every nation she has presented to the inhabitants her arts or her arms, or both. She rarely recedes. Give her a spot of ground on which to erect a trading-house, and she converts it into a fort. Give her a fort, and she conquers a nation. Overwhelmed with debt, yet inexhaustible in resources—losing thousands by her battles, yet daily recruiting the ranks of her armies—troubled with the wails of her wretched subjects who rot piece-meal in her mines and factories, yet canting of universal freedom and human happiness—this modern ROME strides on to universal conquest. In the great kingdom of empire she stands first—yet she is not content. We are her master—we furnish her with that staple from which she weaves so large a portion of her greatness, from which so much of her revenue is derived, and by

which so many of her subjects are preserved from starvation. We hold her at our mercy—she cannot move a step, but the fetters we have imposed, clank at her heels. She has tried every means to emancipate herself. She has spent millions to introduce the culture of cotton in INDIA; and here she has been aided by the gold and the prayers of our negrophilic fanatics at the North, who to uproot an institution, over which they have no controul, would pull down the whole nation. She has failed—signally—disgracefully. And now she bends her power to intrigue with TEXAS, to gain her to her interests, and to build up an independent nation on our south-west, which shall supply her with cotton, and render her forever independent of our labour. In order to sustain our power, in order to fetter ENGLAND, still more securely, we must admit TEXAS into our confederacy, while we have the power. To neglect it, is to throw away our advantage in the game, at the very moment when we are about to obtain all.

This dependancy of ENGLAND upon us, is a matter of no idle theory. It is no speculation—but a notorious truth. When we first urged it in a public speech, at the commencement of the Texan negotiation, we were met with incredulous looks, or silly ridicule. Now, we believe few will be so impudent as to deny it. The very people of GREAT BRITAIN admit it. In the circular of the English cotton manufacturers the following conclusive and apt passage occurs:

"There is one point now at issue, to which the spinners and manufacturers of cotton ought immediately to attend, by memorial, to the Government of this country. If the United States be allowed to usurp (they call it to ANNEX) the territory of Texas, the control of the cotton trade will fall into their hands. No cotton, save that produced in Texas, will stand in competition with Bowed and Orleans. The United States do not depend, in the same degree, on Great Britain for the disposal of their cotton, which Great Britain does on them for the necessary supply. Let any man make and try to sell fustians, or, indeed, almost any article of extensive sale, out of any cotton grown in Asia, Africa, or South America, instead of Bowed and Orleans, and he will soon be made sensible of his error. In the two last years, with every temptation, the British spinners have not dared to use more than one pound of East India against nine pounds of North American cotton; and they only used so much through being forced by the outrageous advance of the last kind. Cotton has been skilfully cultivated in Asia for thousands of years; and the result of all the exertions made by an ingenious and laborious people is, that they cannot produce cotton of the quality which is required."

To this appeal the British government have listened, and it is from this consideration and no other that their conduct proceeds.

We know not how this question may terminate.^(a) It is indeed difficult to say, after the many antics which the Senate of the UNITED STATES have shown, whether they will act in accordance with our national honour, or not. But there is this much to be laid down, with an oracular voice: if we lose TEXAS by our own act, it will not be long before the whole people—not the party of Democrats alone—but the people of all parties, will have seen the full danger of the loss. The popular justice—"the sober second thought of the people," as Mr. VAN BUREN has it, will visit upon the American abettors of ENGLAND, the most severe and

^(a) Since writing this a vote has been taken in the Senate of the United States, on the question. A review of that vote will be found at the close of this number,

exemplary punishment. Men who now oppose with pride and insolence the popular opinion, will be driven from the places which lost lustre through their contact; and no years of repentance, no life-time of humility can restore them to the confidence of a nation upon whose honour and prosperity they have inflicted so deadly a wound.

ART. II.—THE NECESSITY OF STRANGLING.

LET the hempen rope go dangle,
 And the body let it mangle,
 That the preacher and the hangman may be gratified;
 Let the gallows be erected,
 And its merriment protected,
 That both justice and the curious may be satisfied.

“

Let us have the silent teacher,
 In the gallows, while the preacher
 With the hangman, gives a lesson to iniquity;
 If we've nothing else to aid us,
 Surely here we have arrayed us,
 Quite a portion of the glories of antiquity.

“

They're a set of fools and noodles,
 Dreaming, scheming YANKEE DOODLES,
 Who are leaguings now to cheat us of variety;
 But in vain each hope and auspice,
 For the uprights and the cross-piece
 Of the gallows are the frame-work of society.

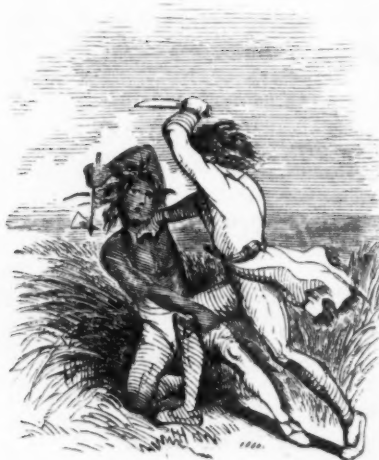
“

For the gallows let us rally,
 Over hill and over valley,
 Innovation on the business prohibiting,
 For the funny exhibition
 Of the criminal's condition,
 Makes our neighbours all the better for exhibiting.

“

As ourself to love our neighbour,
 Is the motive of our labour—
 So the gallows is the pith of CHRISTIANITY;
 For, to rid one of the bubbles
 And the crosses and the troubles
 Of existence, is the essence of humanity.

ART. III.—TRAVELS IN TEXAS.(a)



I QUESTION whether any exploring expedition, great or small, ever contained so many men fitted for the enterprise, in proportion to their number as ours. Besides old **HICKS** and myself, there were eight as bold, skilful and daring rangers, as ever threw leg over horse, or cracked a rifle at a redskin.

The two brothers, **JAMES** and **ADOLPHUS LARRY**—more familiarly known as **JIM LARRY** and **DOLPHIN LARRY**—were those on whom I depended a great deal. The first of these was about thirty-two, and the latter twenty-nine years of age. **JIM** had seen a great deal of hard fighting in his day, both with Mexicans and the Indian tribes on the borders.

He was, however, perfectly honest, and never had been known to tell a lie. "Jest as true as if **JIM LARRY** had sed it," was the highest endorsement for truth known to the colony. **DOLPHIN**, his brother, was not of the same temperament, and although honest enough and not by any means a liar, with intention to deceive, was fond of telling long yarns at the camp-fire, and mystifying his brother, whose simple nature was easily overcome by **DOLPHIN**'s stories. **DOLPHIN** had been a sailor in his day, and had made a voyage to **HAVRE**. Of course, his opinion on sea-matters—when these were discussed—was never denied; and if any unlucky wight differed from him, down would come a torrent of sea-phrases, about "sky-scrapers" and moon-rakers," "main-top" and "fore-yard," that would overwhelm the disbeliever. But these men were of tried courage, fidelity and tact. I believe they were originally from **PITTSBURG**, in **PENNSYLVANIA**.

JACK LANDWELL, as he was called by our party, was a Frenchman by birth, whose real name, thus ridiculously corrupted, was probably **JACQUES L'ENVILLE**, or something similar. Of his own early history he knew little, but that little stimulated my curiosity to know more. He was now about forty-eight years of age, and was a child when **LOUISIANA** was ceded to the **UNITED STATES**. His father, as near as he could recollect, had been a person of birth and standing, probably one of the decayed *noblesse*, who visited the new world under the tacit encouragement of the French government, glad enough to get rid of them, as they to escape the tender mercies of **MONSIEUR GUILLOTIN**. **JACK** had been taken away by an Indian, of the **CHEROKEES**, who had been affronted in some way, and had revenged himself on the father by stealing the child. Among the **CHEROKEES** he remained until he was about twenty, when having brained his foster-father in a quarrel, he had escaped to the whites. Since then he had lived the roving life of a free hunter. He could neither read nor write, and had no idea of a religion;

(a) Continued from page 31.

but he treasured one relic with the devotion which an Indian would pay to his mystery-bag. This was a small, but exquisitely carved crucifix of solid gold, which from its workmanship alone, must have been of great value. The expression of agony on the SAVIOUR's face was most admirably effective, and the anatomy of the limbs and body wonderfully correct. Nothing would induce him to part with this, which he kept in a little buckskin case, suspended around his neck, by the antique and massive chain which belonged to it. He had come to the colony a week before we started, on a visit to old HICKS, and had entered willingly into our scheme.

TERENCE BARRY was an Irishman, a wit and a general favourite. He was very expert at cooking, was a capital shot, and never out of spirits. Our party would have been incomplete without his presence.

SANDY FERGUSON, a gigantic and good-humoured fellow, of Scotch descent; WILLIAM GALLAGHER, his cousin; JOHN K. THOMPSON, a Yankee from MASSACHUSETTS, and JOHN WICKLIFFE, originally from CINCINNATI, made up the rest of our party. They were all men of the right sort for this thing; and the two JOHNS, especially, did not care for OLD NICK himself, if he came in the shape of a CAMANCHE.

We rode on in fine spirits, laughing and joking, and for some time without any thing of note. About noon, however, GALLAGHER, who was riding a little behind, galloped up, and informed us that a single CAMANCHE, with a long buffalo robe, and a gun, was in full pursuit of us. As this was a strange temerity, we halted for him to come up. To our astonishment we found it to be one of the colony men, Doctor MARTIN. We burst into a fit of laughter as he rode up to us, both at the mistake of GALLAGHER and at the costume of the doctor, which was odd enough, in all conscience.

Dr. MARTIN was from a good family at Philadelphia; had graduated at one of the eastern colleges, and afterward received the diploma of Doctor of Medicine, at the UNIVERSITY of PENNSYLVANIA. His restless disposition would not let him remain quiet any where, and he turned actor, and travelled over the West with a theatrical company. At last, after many queer adventures, he found himself at the Trinity colony, where his knowledge of medicine made him truly valuable.

The only remnant of his player finery was a black velvet cloak, from which the pile had been nearly all worn, and this was now fastened around his neck, the loose end fluttering and streaming out behind as he rode, like a piratical flag. His bear-skin cap was garnished with feathers, and his hunting-shirt decorated with rows of pins, used for the purpose of impaling any insects he might catch—for he was a naturalist—upon his cap. In his hand he held an air-gun, an instrument which was novel to our backwoodsman, and in whose powers they had little faith. He expressed his determination to accompany us, and neither our persuasion nor threats could deter him. We finally gave in, and agreed to retain, what we could not but regard, as a certain burthen.

At the close of the day, we camped in the timber, at the head waters of the TRINITY. As the process of camping was constantly repeated throughout our journey, I will describe it now to save future trouble.

In selecting a camp-ground, water is the first object. When that is found in abundance, then reference is to be had in regard to the quality of grass for our animals. Wood is of little importance, for the air of the region is so bland, that we need no fire for our personal comfort; and as to cooking, hunters know how to live on jerked beef and venison. Besides, on expeditions through a country traversed by Indians, the smoke of a fire is rather a dangerous beacon, which our enemies would know how to interpret, and which is visible at an immense distance in that singularly clear atmosphere. We built one that night, however, as we had little to apprehend so soon. Immediately after dismounting, every man "staked out" his horse, or in other words, led him into the prairie, by the long lariat of platted raw-hide, which always hangs coiled at the saddle-bow, dugged a hole with his knife, into which the knotted end was thrust, refilled the hole, and stamped the earth hard down, with the feet. The other end being around the horse's neck, gives him some twenty paces, round a centre, to graze in. This done, a portion of the party went in search of wood; another to the stream, to fill the water-gourds; and the third, with the rifles, in search of a turkey or some other tit-bit, which might be lurking in the neighbourhood, while **TERENCE BARRY**, or **Blinking TEDDY**, as we called him, who had been appointed cook, went into the adjoining thicket to cut forks and sharpen sticks, to make spits with, and having found these, kindled the fire, and prepared for coffee and roast—coffee being a luxury, by-the-by, expected to last but a few days. By the time dark came on, all hands were collected about the fire, observing **TEDDY**'s preparations, with most affectionate solicitude. "The broth of a boy" became forthwith, the despot and hero of the circle. Even the unforgiving quiddities of the "cracked doctor," as **MARTIN** had been christened, failed to dispute ascendancy with him, for the time. **TEDDY** saved all his brilliancy for this occasion, fully appreciating the advantage his position gave him. His curious leer and broad witticisms were sure to carry the laugh, savoured as they were by the pleasant steam of the meat roasting under his dexterous supervision. A rivalry forthwith sprung up between **Blinking TEDDY** and **MARTIN**, as the wits of the party. **MARTIN**'s star always paled before **TEDDY**'s fire, while the cooking was under way; but the doctor's shone in the ascendant, when we were "dieted to his humour." Your old hunter is a rare epicure. Let him alone for selecting the choice cuts from the carcass of a deer or bear; and having it "done brown," after the best impromptu style. **TEDDY** was certainly a genius, and deservedly popular. After the discussion of his good things, we were in better mood for those of **MARTIN**; and certainly a more fantastic humourist than he, never enlivened a camp-fire. In addition to the eccentricities of his costume and taste, and that exhaustless theme, the air-gun, he would rattle away till our sides would ache from laughter, with the most comical stories of his multifarious adventures in the "States," accompanying the recital with grotesque illustrations of gesture, which his old calling of actor fitted him for excelling in. Reclining in careless groups on our blankets, an hour would go by merrily. Then it would be time to bring in our horses and secure them in a circle, close around us, for fear of a visit from the In-

dians ; and then stretching our blankets upon the grass, with a saddle for a pillow, were soon in the land of dreams.

The first thing at day-break in the morning was to lead the horses to water and stake them out again, to graze while breakfast was being prepared and discussed. That necessary preliminary through with, and our arms looked to, then came the saddling-up and starting—old SAM HICKS leading, as the guide, and the rest, with little regard to discipline, following in whatever order was accidentally assumed. There was an exception to all rules, especially, in the cracked doctor ; who never, by any sort of accident, was found any where except far behind or straggling right or left from the line of march. As apt as any way, he would get to chasing a butterfly or horned frog, and so fall a mile or so behind. I tried to frighten him out of such eccentric habits, by telling him that he would find himself cut off from the party some day, by the Indians. But I soon found that it was difficult to make him appreciate fear of any kind. Indeed, the singular animal never seemed to have made this discovery, through all the perils we passed.

Our course to-day was parallel with the CROSS-TIMBER, and almost under its shadows ; for we skirted along its edges, merely keeping in the prairie, for the convenience of our horses. We were never out of sight of deer. Groups of them were constantly in view, sometimes in herds of several hundreds. The neighbourhood of this line of timber seems to be a favourite resort ; and, after feeding to repletion on the prairie, they would retire about noon to lie down in the shade ; so that at any moment we could see them either peering out from among the trees, on the right of us, or taking a hearty stare from some green knoll on the left. As I have invariably noticed to be the case where deer are abundant, the number of wolves was immense ; and the doctor amused himself every now and then—not a little to the discomfort of his mustang—by chasing the sneaking rascals into the timber, and occasionally doubling one up, by a silent messenger from his ever ready air-gun. The hunters were astonished at the effects of this—to them—ridiculous weapon, and a few hours had only passed, before the doctor, and what they had nicknamed his funny “pop-gun,” had risen a hundred per cent. in their estimation. Just before night, he killed a large black wolf, and came into camp, after we were all dismounted, wearing its bushy tail for a plume. He was greeted with shouts of laughter as his odd appearance deserved ; but I was amused by the curiosity with which the men examined his weapon, and made their comments. After supper, the fun was heightened, when this oddity very gravely proceeded to display his acquisitions in specimens of natural history, drawing successively from his capacious pockets, a centipede, a horned frog, and a handful of snails, and displaying them by the light of the fire upon his blanket. The party gathered around him, upon such occasions, and greeted each specimen with yells of laughter. He always favoured us, with a solemn unction that would have gone to the heart of Sir DAVID BANKS, by what purported to be the scientific name of each ; and science was not discredited so far as words went, though I would not like to vouch much for their appositeness. It became a regular joke to call upon the doctor, at night, “to show up ;” and his ce-

remonious disgorgement always furnished something new, and new matter for fun.

I will now commence with extracts from my journal of our daily progress. This must, of necessity, be imperfect, written as it was, sometimes by fire-light, often by moon-light, and occasionally in the saddle.

JANUARY 14.—Our course to-day continued nearly parallel with the **CROSS-TIMBER**. The first fifteen miles was over level and very rich prairie—the deer in astonishing numbers—the surface more broken, in the evening—sandy—covered with coarse, thin grass. We passed many flocks of sandy-hill cranes—blue—standing six feet high. Very comical-looking gentry they were, strutting back and forth on the sides of the low ridges; every moment or two enunciating a harsh, sudden croak, that jars like a pistol-shot on the ear, in this dry atmosphere. The doctor was greatly tickled at the solemn, mysterious gestures they made with their long necks, and tried very hard to kill one. We could hear his shot rattle among their feathers, like pebbles thrown against the shingle roof of a barn by the boys; but it seemed they were all feathers, for they invariably carried their slim carcasses, sailing off. The doctor swore they were nothing but legs, neck and wings; and thought the souls of deceased dandies must inhabit them. We camped to-night at a small spring, on the edge of the Timber, much trampled by animals. It was difficult to get any clear water. Old **HICKS** and **GALLAGHER** brought in a fine turkey a-piece. The doctor pinned the long beard of the gobbler to the top of his cap, for a tassel. It made a showy affair, with the wolf's tail. He produced several new "specimens" of beetles, etc. Made, we think, twenty-five miles.

JANUARY 15.—Scattering ridges again—here and there, a post-oak. The burrows of sand-rats make the travelling difficult. Horses sink above the fetlock, every step or two, into them. For twenty miles, they furrow the ground in every conceivable direction, raising small tumuli, with ridges, such as moles make, between them. Though we trampled over millions of them, I did not see one; for, warned by the tread of our horses, they disappeared before we came in view. The doctor was greatly worried at this. He had seen nothing yet but a half dozen tails, as their owners whisked into the holes, and he was determined to have a good look at them. We left him standing on the prairie, like a heron in a fish-pond, looking down at the ground. After dusk, he joined us in camp, announcing formally that he had made a great, a tremendous discovery, which would immortalize him among naturalists. It turned out that after standing still as a tree for an hour, watching, one of them had come to the mouth of his hole to peep, and he had discovered that sand-rats have "striped noses" as well as tails! We camped in the Timber to-night—plenty of good water—good grass was scarce, and we had to scatter the horses to some distance. **FERGUSON** brought in a fine doe. We saw a flock of turkies flying up to roost a short distance off. **DOLPHIN**, **LARRY**, and **GALLAGHER** went after them. We heard the heavy thump of the birds' fall, as distinctly as the crack of the rifles. They were very fat,—great roast! About the same distance was made as during yesterday.

JANUARY 16.—Sand-rat country again to-day. I am more and more convinced that the CROSS-TIMBER is a work of art. The growth, since we entered these sterile sand ridges, is the same we observed as peculiar to it while its course lay through rich bottoms and across level prairie. It is not quite so tall or so large here, but the trees are the same, nearly all of them the *peculiar* growth of low lands, along the margin of streams. It looks as unnatural to me, and as much contrary to the order of vegetation exhibited every where else in this country, to see these trees growing here on soil like this, as it would be to see a stream running up hill. They must certainly have been planted and nourished by some lost and far remote nation, which peopled this mighty plain, and desired to establish a permanent line of defence or demarcation between its own territory and that of a restless neighbour. How natural such an idea in a country destitute of stone. The doctor thought the sand-rats must have planted it—if they were any more numerous in those days than now. The solution of this mystery may well puzzle more sober brains than his. We saw some white cranes to-day. These are magnificent looking birds, and seem to be much larger than the blue cranes. AUDUBON thinks the blue are the young birds. If so, it is strange that they should be so much more numerous; and, to judge by the way they stand being shot at, one would infer they must be old and tough as "JOB's turkey!" The doctor came galloping into camp to-night, shouting like a madman, and whirling in triumph about his head the carcass of a sand-rat. He had succeeded in shooting one, after patient watching for a long time. The old hunters considered this as quite a feat; for their rendering of the meaning of "*seeing the Elephant*," was, getting a fair look at one of these "artful dodgers" of the prairie. They look something like the common chip-squirrel, except that their bodies are broader, and their fore-paws formed very short and strong for burrowing. They undoubtedly have '*striped noses*.' But the joke of the day was the doctor's disastrous attempt at adding a scorpion to his collection of specimens. He was turning over a chunk of decayed wood, which had been brought for the fire, and saw one of these curious reptiles clinging to its under surface. Not knowing what it was, he deliberately picked it up in his fingers—to drop it again with a sudden bound, and cry of pain. The sting of these creatures is very dangerous and horribly painful; but TEDDY rushed to his relief with a truly back-woods' remedy. I thought he was going to bite the finger off, as he seized the poor fellow's hand and clapped it into his wide mouth. After sucking it steadily for a little while, he released it; then cleansing his mouth with water, he turned to the relieved and astonished doctor with the most irresistibly comic leer out of that same eye of his, and said quietly—"Its little fut was hot, was it?" I thought the whole party would have gone into convulsions at this quizzical conclusion, to what might have been an ugly scene. Sucking the wound instantly, is the most prompt and efficient remedy known, for the bite or sting of reptiles. The poison is thus extracted before it gets into the circulation; but to do it, requires a great deal of nerve in the operator, and few persons could be found who would risk it—though the Indians all do it without an instant's hesitation. But TEDDY deserved and received a great

deal of credit, for his heroism, and grew to even a greater 'lion' than ever. The doctor became a good deal tamed by the suddenness of the thing, and suffered from a slight degree of nausea; but the loss to him of his appetite for supper, and to us of his jokes 'til bed-time, were—thanks to TEDDY's gallantry—all the ill effects that came of it.

The men reported buffalo in sight late this evening. We shall have sport to-morrow. Bad water to-night.

JANUARY 17—Old HICKS led off to the North-west, to-day, leaving the CROSS-TIMBER on the right, to a considerable distance. High, rolling prairie, and very rich. Nothing was to be seen before us but one wide ocean of grass, bounded by the sky. There is something very awful in this great silent expanse. The being of God and an infinite Universe can be realized here. About 12 o'clock, the dark line of the south fork of RED RIVER TIMBER, began to loom on the horizon—black blotches began to be visible on the surface before us. In an hour or two, we made out that they were herds of buffalo, moving on in the same direction we were. We passed within a mile of one set, but had no time to go to them. HICKS said, we must reach the RED RIVER, or do without water; so we kept steadily going on. An hour after, we saw the ripple of water gleam in the moonlight from the deep shadows of the forest;—a welcome sight! We were all tired, for we had ridden nearly fifty miles since sunrise, and were glad enough to stop and get to sleep as soon as possible.

JANUARY 18.—A bright delicious morning. We were waked in high spirits by the lowing of a herd of buffalo, which seemed to have a serious notion to walk over us. They looked very innocent, crowding and pushing each other, and bellowing, with steaming nostrils, a few hundred paces off; but we soon let them know they were in an uncomfortable neighbourhood. In the shortest possible time we were mounted and among them, banging away at their huge carcasses, and getting up a tremendous roaring, shouting and shaking of the earth between us; for even a small herd of a few hundred, as this was, makes the solid crust of things to tremble again, when, thoroughly panic-stricken, they once get fairly under way for sun-down. After a delirium of something like twenty minutes, during which I suppose I was guilty of any amount of extravagancies, in the way of furious spurring, miscellaneous firing and yelling, I drew up my horse; but saw before I turned, above and in the very midst of the dark headlong tumult of horns and hair, the figure of the doctor, his Hamlet cloak sailing out behind him at about the same angle to the zenith with their fright-stiffened tails, seeming to be hurried wildly on by the impetus of their madness or his own: it was hard to tell which. For a moment or two, I was perfectly confounded by wonderment, as to what had become of all the slain, after so much shooting and hurrah; but my sober senses came to my relief, and reminded me that few animals are ever obtained in a helter-skelter sally, such as ours had been. The hunter must select his animal, and follow him up perseveringly, with repeated shots, until he falls. No single shot in a thousand, made by a man at full speed, off his horse, will kill a buffalo. Firing at different animals, as we did each time, was a wanton waste of lead; but we were not in

need of meat, and felt like making a frolic out of the surprise of our unwieldy and astonished visitors. There was no wind, and their usual sagacity had failed to detect us, until they had blundered close upon us. Old HICKS, GALLAGHER and TEDDY, had been more cool, and we had after all, a fine juicy hump-steak for breakfast. The doctor came in about the time it was ready, puffing, sweating, and swearing in huge astonishment, that not one of the half-dozen he had shot would wait to be skinned.

We crossed the south fork of RED RIVER. The stream was narrow and rapid, and the water a dark, rusty red, though pleasant enough to drink if you shut your eyes. Our course bearing West of North, over broken prairie, diversified by clumps or motts of scrubby growth. Saw squads of animals a great distance off, which looked like young deer, darting with wonderful swiftness across these openings. Hicks says they are antelopes. They seem to be very wild. We camped at a little pond of dirty water.

JANUARY 19.—Prairie more open to-day. Before we left the motts, we came suddenly upon a herd of full five hundred mustangs, feeding in a small meadow, covered with young Gama grass. The motts were clustered round it very thick, and we were within two hundred yards of them before they heard or saw us. As we rode, all at once, into the open ground, an old stud sounded the alarm with a trumpet-blast. They were all in a cluster feeding, with their heads down. In an instant, at the sound, it looked like a sea of heads and manes tossing in the air. Pausing a second for a glimpse at us, they burst away like a tornado broke loose, snorting, and running on each other. In less time than you could think they had disappeared among the motts. The suddenness with which that little meadow was vacated, appeared to be the effect of some powerful necromancy. I noticed that, frightened as they were, no one of them ran into the bush. They scattered off on all sides, through the openings between the motts. CAMANCHES and mustangs have, alike an invincible horror of the brush. I had never obtained so close a view of so large a body of them before. The first peculiarity of their appearance which caught my eye, was the predominance of white. Then the incalculable diversity of marks and mottles on this ground. The famous patriarchal "coat of many colors" seems to be "all the go," among these wild gentry! The old stallion, who had given the alarm, and the doctor had quite an affair. These sultans of the herds are very fearless; and while their frightened seraglios are flying, always linger far in the rear, between them and pursuit, and have frequently been known to impede lasso hunters, and prevent their success by running across the track of their horses, kicking at them, and biting at the hunters themselves! The doctor saw the grand old fellow prancing along between the motts, very slowly, as if he were half inclined not to go at all; and, helter-skelter, as usual, rushed his mustang at him. The mustang's reminiscences of the character of these fierce old despots, as they had been scored upon his ribs while he had been a "free denizen" of the wilds, taught him a little more prudence than the doctor possessed. He avoided the salient heels with which the veteran met this charge—with so sudden a shy, that the

doctor lost his balance, and was pitched forward of the saddle, dropping his precious air-gun, and was only prevented from coming to the earth by hugging desperately with legs and arms round his mustang's neck. It, frightened and plunging, made for our party for protection from the stud, which, with ears laid back, followed close at his heels, biting his rump at every bound. In this way he came staving into the midst of our party. GALLAGHER fired his pistol at the stud and drove him off, while the mustang by a sudden effort eased the doctor over his head among the feet of our horses. We were all so much paralyzed by laughter, that his mustang came near escaping entirely; but the Scotchman brought him up after a sharp race, while the poor doctor, followed by peal after peal of merriment, went back after his gun. That recovered, he soon got over his discomfiture, and we set out again in a fine mood.

We passed a wide prairie, with buffalo in view on every side—antelope frequently seen, but always running. I had a great curiosity to kill some of them; but had as soon expect to get in gun-shot of a comet or shooting-star. HICKS says the Indians have been hunting here lately, which accounts in some degree for their shyness. We crossed the plain, reached a long chain of motts before dusk, and camped by a clear beautiful little lake or pond. With patriarchal live oaks drooping their white beards, for a canopy over us, we slept sweetly.

JANUARY 20.—Game appeared so abundant that we concluded to stop here to-day, and prepare a fresh supply of jerked meat. HICKS, four men, the doctor and myself, set off at daybreak to get a buffalo, and have an antelope hunt. The others staid in camp to prepare fires, and so on, for curing the meat. We had gone but a little while when we saw three straggling buffalo. Old HICKS led us to the windward of them, so that we were pretty close before they took the alarm. Then we had it, hurry-scurry, over the island-dotted plain. The speed of locomotion these clumsy looking, heavy-headed creatures display, is perfectly astonishing. They seemed as if they were going to pitch over on their noses every instant; for they run with heads low, and tails stuck straight out into the air, and a stiff-jointed, reeling gait—but they do lumber over an unaccountable number of superficial feet in a given second. It takes a good horse to bring you along-side, and confounded good riding to keep you in the saddle when you get there; for such a dodge-ification as has to be kept up is rather perplexing to one's centrifugal aversions, which makes maintaining the "balance of power" rather a ticklish manœuvre. When you have to "chassez"—"balancez all"—manage your horse—fire your gun—dispose of that—draw your pistols—fire them—look out for "side wipes"—fall back and load—gallop up along-side, again—get close enough to almost touch its broad, hairy back with the muzzle—fire again—wheel off at a tangent—at him again—look sharp lest his horns and your shins get too closely acquainted—(all this going at the rate of a mile in three minutes, over all sorts of ground, into gullies, up hill or down hill, for three or four miles): then it is rather fortunate if your horse does n't fall and pitch you over his head, and the bellowing monster rip your buck-skins for you, as he sends you vaulting over his tail; or at best waddle off, and leave you your bruises for your pains—you picking yourself up and looking very

sheepish after your horse, who is frisking his heels at you, on his way to join the nearest herd of mustangs! Rather a rude business, on the whole, is buffalo hunting. Withal, we killed a fine young bull in a short time, and despatched a man back to camp with such portions of it as were suitable for jerking—wrapped in the skin, and swung over his horse. Here we got up an extempore breakfast—no thanks to honest BLINKEY—and gave our horses a good rest, preparatory to the antelope-hunt. The doctor had behaved very well in the buffalo drive, except that he tried to throw his Hamlet cloak over the horns of the animal—"to blind him," he said, "as the matadore in a Spanish bull-fight does," and came near getting his horse gored in the characteristic experiment.

We promised ourselves to have some rare antics out of him in the wild chase we were going upon; for the hard running we should have to do, was just suited to his head-long humour. But, soon after our start, much to my annoyance, I missed him, and looking back, saw him dismounted, and stooping and peering around a little clump of timber—some new specimen-hunting freak, I supposed; and, knowing it would be useless to attempt to call him off, we rode on.

Within an hour, we saw a fine flock of antelopes. And now commenced the most exciting of prairie sports. We managed in this way: we were six men—the man who had gone to camp with the buffalo, having returned. The first object after discovering them, was to get the party on every side of them, though we were a half mile apart, and no one nearer than a quarter of a mile of them. One of the men then showed himself, and quick as light they darted off in the opposite direction. There a man showed himself, and the timid things would dart off at another angle, to be frightened by the same apparition in that quarter. They now became confused; and as the effect of their fright on seeing one of us, was always to rebound them in a straight line exactly in the opposite direction, we could form a correct estimate, from the moment of their wheeling on this side of the ring, what point on the other they were going to make for, and by riding with great speed, so as to present himself in front of them there again, the man opposite would drive them back at another angle. They invariably crossed near the centre from which they started. We were thus enabled to play shuttlecock with them through their fears, and keep them dashing for several hours across the same circumference of a mile or so, until they were worried down, and we would gradually close upon them. Their movements were so irreconcivably rapid, that it required great exertions of speed and activity in dashing back and forth, on the part of our horses, to keep up this game. The excitement became intense as we neared them gradually, they becoming more and more confused and electric in their action, darting here and there, always in a body, and wheeling again when we crossed the line of their course, though at several hundred yards, and making back for the centre as if that spot were charmed. You will perceive that if, instead of wheeling square on the opposite line, they had merely deviated slightly from the original direction—as deer or any other animals would have done—they must have escaped directly. But by playing thus cruelly upon the

very vividness of their fright, after our two hours' tremendous work, we had them standing, huddled and panting, in the centre of a ring of about a hundred yards.

We now dismounted and commenced deliberately firing into the squad. We did not fire all at once, but I first; the man opposite, next, and so, whichever way they headed. We thus fired two rounds into them, before even in their case despair became bold, and they rushed by us. They are exceedingly dangerous when they make this break. The hair on their backs stood up like bristles, and they charged in a body on the poor horse of the Scotchman, which happened to be standing across the line of the course they had chosen, and ripped his haunches severely as they went by with their small, sharp horns. They left seven of their number behind, though we took what we needed of them, and set out for the camp. Such is the method of that most curious of all sports, "ringing antelopes."

Though the action of these animals is surpassingly graceful, and almost bird-like, yet they are not so poetically handsome, on a close survey, as I had expected to see them. The outline, like that of all very swift animals, is too angular for our ideas of beauty. Indeed they looked most like a tall fine specimen of the goat, as they in reality are. We got into camp early, and found the process of "jerking" fully under way. The buffalo had been cut up into long, thin slices, about the width of your two fingers. These had been laid across a scaffolding of poles, over slow fires, and, after drying there awhile, removed and hung on the surrounding bushes, to be dried by the sun and air. The curing is thus very rapidly completed; for such is the singular dryness and preservative qualities of this atmosphere, that a bulk of fresh meat will lie about the camp for several days without becoming tainted, when no grain of salt has touched it: indeed the use of salt is never thought of, for preserving our meat. The doctor came in about sun-down, and threw at our feet with a great air of triumph the carcass of a brown badger, which he claimed to be a new variety. So here was the secret of his desertion. He had seen this fellow slide into its hole in the mott, and stopped behind a tree, and watched nearly all day until it came out, when he shot it. He deserves vast credit for his indomitable patience, at any rate. Our festoons of meat were gathered up before the dew fell, and covered with skins to protect them from it. Such an infernal serenade of wolves as we are having, I never heard before. The scent of meat has drawn them from all quarters!

JANUARY 21.—Not off to-day 'til the afternoon. The scoundrelly wolves "chaw'd" the lariats of several of our horses during the night. It took us all the morning to catch them. These wretches are much in the habit of doing this, and the wonder is, they have not been at it heretofore. I suppose their teeth became so much whetted, by the tantalizing odour of good things which were out of their reach, that they were obliged to find some employment for them, and the raw-hide of our lariats, as they probably thought, was better than their own nails. The doctor's mustang was among the missing, and when we recovered him, the owner swore he meant to have his revenge before night, and pistol one of the marauders. Some time after we started, I noticed two

large yellow wolves were sneaking after us, on our trail. I pointed them to him, and handing me his air-gun, he borrowed my bolsters—for they are more convenient in this kind of chase—and putting spurs to his horse, turned towards them. They stood crouching and staring at him doubtfully, until he got pretty close, and then with a quick bound dashed off in opposite directions. He selected the one which made for the open prairie, and had a hard chase after him in full view of us. In about a mile he had closed within a few paces, and the wolf squatted flat upon the ground; and as his horse leaped over him, the doctor gave him the contents of one pistol. Flirting his bushy tail in the air—for he was struck—the wolf was up and off again on the back track, and, before the doctor could run up and turn, had considerably the start; so that they were nearly back to us before he closed on him again. This time, the doctor stooped from the saddle and held the pistol within a few inches of its head, as it lay flat on its belly, and, firing, killed it dead. We gave him a cheer, while he sprang from his horse to get the "brush," as he always did, and came whooping and waving it over his head to join us. "The rogues shan't bother my lariat with impunity," he said, as he fell quietly into line. So our sports run. Camped at good water.

JANUARY 22.—Our day's march has been over high, ridgy prairie, with a scattering growth of musquito-timber in the valleys, and here and there a solitary live-oak hung as usual with moss. The nopal, a species of cactus, was to be seen occasionally in small patches. Here we saw the great-eared rabbit, the swiftest animal, the hunters say, in the world. They are triple the weight and size of the common rabbit, with silvery white sides and ears enormously disproportionate. As soon as we saw the first one, old Hicks mentioned the fact of their remarkable speed. My curiosity was excited to test this. Very soon one of them bounced up from behind a cluster of nopal, within a few paces of us. My horse was very fast: I could easily catch a deer in a mile's race on him. I instantly struck off after the rabbit. He had not more than ten paces the start—so that it was a fair test. It seemed to me that he doubled the distance, between himself and my horse—the latter going at the best gait he knew—every two seconds, and I never was more surprised. It seemed to be shod with wings instead of feet, moving in long bounds, with such invisible ease and speed over the wide, undulating plains, that it reminded me of a white gull, gliding past a ship, and up and down the long swell of waves, after a storm. I soon gave up the race, for I lost sight of it directly; and I saw that it could easily beat me a half in every mile I run with it. This is one of the remarkable creatures of our great plains: it seems to be solitary in its habits. I never saw more than one at a time; and it looks very odd to see one of them bound up suddenly near your feet, in the midst of these vast, bare wilds, and go off across them with a speed that seems to annihilate distance: they are easily shot though. The doctor killed one before night, vowing that he suspected it was made of india-rubber and whale-bone, from their springiness, and he wanted to put the thing to proof with his teeth; nor did he seem to have altered his first opinion much after the experiment. We camped at a mud-hole; for it is ridiculous to call the stuff it held, water. We had fortunately some left of the

morning supply in the water gourds. The poor horses seemed to think it a hard dose to swallow.

JANUARY 23.—We started very early. Hicks says we may look out for Indians. He showed me a trail which I should have taken for that of a drove of mustangs, but which he said was of a party of Indians. I was curious to know how he could tell—for Indians ride mustangs, and they are not shod. He said that mustangs seldom go out of a walk, and follow the stud in single file; but Indians, more irregularly and abreast, making a wider trail, and their horses' feet sink deeper from the weight: another sign is, that the dung dropped by the horses is harder: another, if you follow the trail for a mile or so with a hunter's eyes, you will be sure to find some little scrap of meat or some trifling thing they have dropped, which makes the matter sure. He picked up a feather, which seemed to have come from the end of an arrow, and on the strength of it forthwith pronounced them to have been Snake Indians. On examining the dung, he said they had passed yesterday morning. This was all as mysterious as reading Sanscrit to the most of us; though I knew the old fellow's sagacity in such matters was unerring. I forthwith laid my commands upon the doctor, to be a little less erratic; for our trip had been so uniformly fortunate and pleasant as yet, that it was time in the "course of human"—at least prairie—"events," that we should meet with something unpleasant. We saw thousands of buffalo, but no Indians. We reached tolerably good water and camped; but made no fire.

JANUARY 24.—We started before sunrise. Hicks says we must make a very long stage to-day. Here we are at last camped on the south bank of the main branch of RED RIVER,—our fire flickering palely amid the black, misty shades of this tall, rank forest; while the hoarse ripple of the water answers to the owls, and the wild-cat mews a faint chorus to the yells of panthers. Fine music to sleep by!—I am tired, and cannot write.

JANUARY 25.—We waked a little astonished to find our toes had not been nibbled by some of these white-fanged gentry, who seem to be so numerous in this neighbourhood. We forded the river, where a buffalo path led across it—always a safe guide, these paths; for their ancestral lore, in all matters appertaining to "crossings," is singularly infallible. The river is about eighty yards wide, bold and rapid, but dark and muddy as "eating-house" coffee. We were soon out of the "bottom" and on the prairies again—countless thousands of buffalo off to the last; but the novelty has worn off, and we are all tired, save the doctor, shooting them. It was with some difficulty I could keep him from dashing into the nearest herd: I insisted that he must try the experiment of the cloak fully; he thought a buffalo would make a funny game of blind-man's-buff." The Scotchman thought it would be degrading the old country sport into "buff-a-low" game. Not so poor, that; wit sounds right odd, coming from Sandy's frosty lips! The doctor was a little cured of his "splurging" notions, when, towards evening, we saw one of these herds tearing across the prairie, a great distance off, as if the old Harry himself had been goading them with his red-hot pitchfork. Old Hicks said they were some of his grandchildren at the tail of the business, if

the old gentleman was not there. Indeed we could faintly distinguish four or five naked rascals, galloping in their rear; but they seemed to be so occupied in poking away at them with their long lances, that they did not observe us, and passed out of sight. It is evident enough we shall make some acquaintances soon. We camped in a line of timber, with about water enough for our horses to wet their noses in; but we built no fire.

JANUARY 26.—HICKS thought there was water eight or ten miles a-head. We started at day-break, without breakfast, and in two hours came to a small, but bold stream. We stopped to refresh our horses and selves. We got under way about eight o'clock, and reached the WASHITA about dusk. Rolling prairie: saw no more of the Indians, but, forward, many antelopes. Shooting was prohibited—and we have meat enough. The doctor's air-gun will be a great affair, should we get hungry in Indian range. The WASHITA is a deep and rapid stream. We camped in the timber.

JANUARY 27.—Eventful day. We had crossed the WASHITA, and were nearly through the "bottom Timber," when, hearing two guns quickly succeeding in the rear, we wheeled and galloped back. It seemed that the doctor, as usual, had lingered behind, when a large bear came out of the thicket, between him and us; and without noticing him, went to smelling our track. He, not fancying such cavalier treatment, determined to give the brute a notification that would last him, not to treat gentlemen in such style. So he drove away at him with his air-gun. The shot was sufficient to make the animal furious, and with a savage growl, which attracted the attention of the men behind us, he made at the doctor. His horse had never seen a bear before, and dashed off among the trees with such sudden and unexpected violence, that the unfortunate genius was knocked off. The monster rushed at him. He was lying on his back, kicking and yelling like a clever fellow, when GALLAGHER and THOMPSON came up at speed, and gave his assailant a platoon in the rear, which fortunately diverted his wrath to them, and they soon finished it with their pistols. The doctor was very fortunate in getting off with his thigh severely scratched, and his buckskins laid open to the knee, by a wipe of the creature's paw. In the spirit of making the best of a bad bargain, we cut some choice steaks from the carcass. But we had scarcely finished our laugh at the doctor, and were carelessly riding toward a point of timber, when a party of full twenty Indians burst from behind it, and, ringing the war-whoop, came charging full at us. Sudden as the thing was, we showed great coolness and promptness; and, when the cowardly scamps had approached within about a hundred yards, close enough to see into the row of dark tubes levelled at their naked carcasses, they, with a rapidity of movement perfectly bewildering, held up their white shields, lowered their bodies on the opposite side of their horses, and galloped out of reach. We did not fire, for it was useless to exasperate them, if it could be avoided. They stopped a few hundred yards off, for a moment; then galloped clear around us at a respectful distance, making wry faces, and slapping their clouted seats of honour at us, and then made off. This last delicate manœuvre is the bitterest insult known to their

code, and is a proclamation of war to the knife. Hicks thinks they have gone off for a reinforcement, hunting somewhere in reach, and that they intend to attack us some time to-morrow. Well! "forewarned forearmed." We camp in a small mott to-night, near a puddle of a "water hole." Sentinels were carefully stationed.

JANUARY 28.—The CAMANCHES attempted a day-break surprise for the purpose of "stampeding" our horses; but found themselves mistaken. We expected this very trick, and on the last watch, the sentinels, as ordered, waked us up. We had previously staked out our horses round the camp, at such a distance as to invite the attempt; for we knew they would be watching us, and knew, too, that they never make these attacks until just before day, because they are aware that men and animals both sleep most profoundly at that time. We all crept out cautiously, and lay down each man by the feet of his horse, just as day was beginning to break. The first we saw or beard of them, they were within gun-shot, coming at full speed. Every man sprung to his feet; and, just as they set up the whooping and hurrah intended to frighten our horses, and make them break loose on a "stampede," we let drive among them. I never heard yells cut so short before. I heard several fall heavily from their saddles; but the party seemed to be too numerous for us to charge out among them; and what they were at, there was not light enough to see distinctly. Our guns were not idle, and a few arrows came pattering among us; but in a minute or two, we heard the tramp of their retreat die away on the quiet morning air. Not a hair or hide of them was to be seen. They had carried off their dead and wounded, if they had any—and I think they've had enough of us to last them.—[CONTINUED ON PAGE 170.]

ART. IV.—A HEART-BURST.

FILL me no cup of XERES' wine to her my heart holds dear;
 If you insist to pledge with me, then drop a single tear.
 For she I love is far away, and months must pass before
 Her heart shall leap to hear again, my foot-tramp at the door;
 And thus apart, my weary heart, torn both with hopes and fears,
 Gives to my spirit wretchedness, and to my eyelids tears.

"

You laugh and quaff your XERES' wine, around the festive board,
 And jest with names of those you love, which secret you should hoard;
 And I conceal how much I feel, for words could not express
 The sorrow weeping in my heart, the abject wretchedness,
 Illumined by a single hope—God grant it not in vain!—
 That foes may cease to part our hearts, and we may meet again,

ART. V.—HALLIWELLS NURSERY RHYMES OF ENGLAND.(a)



IN the midst of all the bustle and din of improvement, of the pulling down of the unsightly and decayed Past, and the building up of the strong and beautiful Future, there are a few who cling to old observances and old uses, who love to bring themselves in the dusky past, and to gaze with admiring eyes on its folly, superstition and crime. Of these there is yet a subdivision, a smaller few, who, unable to cope with the strong man of the Present, and to uphold observances which good sense

laughs to scorn, delight themselves and amuse others, by resuscitating the literature of their childhood—by presenting illuminated editions of **TOM THUMB** to the reading world; or reviving the glory of **JACK**, the Giant Killer, through means of a hot-pressed, thick post octavo volume. **MR. HALLIWELL** is one of these latter. He is an evident hater of the prospective school. He despises innovation. He is a lover of the simplicity and silliness of **ANSER MATER**—vulgarly called **Mother Goose**. He has entered the field of letters, armed with thirty-three books, each printed with black ink, on good paper, and sufficiently bound. Prominent among these, is the volume under consideration. In preparing it, he has not been alone. He has been aided in his labor of love, by kindred spirits; and in a pompous preface, he returns public thanks to **Sir E. F. BROMHEAD, Bart.**, **WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.**, and other worthies, “for a few interesting contributions.” Henceforth, let **JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq.**, be known to the rude dwellers of the western hemisphere. He is known to us, certainly. Coupled with **Mother Goose**, and her divine productions, we shall never, hereafter, look a goose in the face without thinking of **JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq.**

Let it not be supposed, from this introduction, that we question the right or propriety of the publication of “**The Nursery Rhymes of ENGLAND.**” Such a supposition would involve a delusion. We have read—it humbles us to confess it—we have read the poems of **WORDSWORTH**; we have carefully examined the writings of the younger **D’ISRAELI**; we have even scanned, by way of seeking a deeper depth, the writings of **H. T. TUCKERMAN**; and if they, the imitators of **Mother Goose**, be made pretty in print, why should not the founder of the school enjoy all the glories of a duodecimo, under the care of the illustrious **HALLIWELL**? No reason can furnish an answer in the negative; and as **WORDSWORTH** has been praised, and **Mr. T. S. ARTHUR** has had his laureators, why should we not review **Mother Goose**? To perform the task requires great genius, great learning and great patience. These

(a) “**The Nursery Rhymes of England**, obtained principally from oral tradition. Collected and edited by **James Orchard Halliwell, Esq.** ‘*Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum nœnia.*’—*Horat.* Second edition, with alterations and additions. London: **John Russell Smith**, 4 Old Compton-st., Soho Square. 1843.” 12mo, pp. 178.

three requisites are just the things we happen to possess in the fullest perfection. So we inform our readers that we will present them with such a review as they never read before; and, probably, will not desire to read again. We intend to treat them to something of our own style, which is decidedly *sui generis*. We despise JEFFREY, laugh at WILSON, and turn up our noses at BROUGHAM. As for ARISTARCHUS, the father of the "ungentle craft," he was a mere noodle. We are the oracles—the lights of the Review writers; and we entreat the world to bear it in mind. "A special edict," as our old friend and acquaintance, the Emperor of CHINA used to say to us, when he asked us to hab-er-nab, after dinner, with a sixpenny glass of brandy and water.

The book is divided into fifteen parts, exclusive of an appendix and an index and notes, which form three parts more, making altogether a dozen and a half, according to COCKER, and the schoolmasters who expound him. In the first part, which is labelled "Historical," we have an account of COLIUS REX BRITANNICÆ, vulgarly called Old King COLE. From this we learn that that remarkable potentate, whom we have hitherto regarded as a jolly, old cock, fond of tobacco, rum and a dance, of "his pipe and his pot, and his fiddlers three," reigned in BRITAIN, in the third century after the birth of CHRIST; and that he was the father of St. HELENA, who was a respectable musician, as every body knows, and was of noble birth, as every body did not know. This important piece of information may satisfy us sturdy republicans, that the emperor CONSTANTINE, her son, was not partly compounded of plebeian flesh and blood, as has been sacrilegiously asserted; but was descended right royally, on both sides of the house. While the publication of this fact will tend to relieve the general and distressing anxiety of the public, it explains the musical talent of St. HELENA. The daughter of such a monarch as COLE—the man who had an orchestra consisting of three fiddlers—first and second violin and violoncello—must necessarily, by her very generation, have imbibed a reverence for the art and mystery of fiddling.

Not satisfied with this display of his powers of research and his profound antiquarian learning, the author penetrates the arcana of the Hebrews, and finds the original of that well-known and elegant poem—"The house that Jack built"—to be a hymn in SEPPER HAGGADAH, fol. 23, from which it had been originally translated into the Chaldee. This interesting piece of information is heightened by two or three curious translations, of the most elegant kind, especially that which commences with the following noble lines:

"There was an old woman, that lived in a house; and, sweeping under a bed, she found a silver penny. So she went to market, and bought a pig; but as she came home, the pig would not go under the stile."

The chaste style of the narration is undoubted, and the interest of the story—until we learn that the cat killed the rat, the rat bit the rope, the rope hung the butcher, the butcher killed the ox, the ox drank the water, the water quenched the fire, the fire burned the stick, the stick beat the pig, the pig went under the stile, and the old woman got home at last—is kept up with an amount of intensity that is trying to the nerves of the readers.

If our readers imagine that this is all the evidence of research which Mr. HALLIWELL displays, they have suffered their imagination to get the better of the fact. We are informed that the well-known and justly-popular lyric of "Three children sliding on the ice," was taken from a poetical tale in "Choyce Poems; 12mo, London, 1662;" and that it is sung to the tune of "Babes in the Wood;" that "Come all ye brisk young bachelors" must be of great antiquity, because it was alluded to in a poem of the time of HENRY VII; that the lines which commemorate the feat of Master JACK HORNER, in eating a Christmas pie, form a part of a poem, in duodecimo, part of which is in the Bodleian library; that the nursery song, beginning—

"I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb—"

may probably commemorate a portion of TOM THUMB's history; that—

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye—"

is quoted in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's "Bonducei," Act V, Scene 2; that the words "Be baw babby lou," in the nursery song, came, on the authority of RITSON, from "He bas, la le loup," the French nurse's threat in the fable; and that the tune to

"Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day,"

may be found in all the late editions of PLAYFORD's "Dancing Master;" with other curious and valuable information.

But the great charm of the book consists in the translations, or rather the originals, from which the rhymes of Mother Goose have in many instances been taken; and the models upon which Mrs. SIGOURNEY has founded most of her poetry, and Mr. T. S. ARTHUR, most of his prose. Some of these are of exquisite beauty, and should be introduced at once into the nursery, in this country, in order to bestow on what the preachers call "the young and rising generation," a love for the classics. Take, for instance, the following:

"Hei didulum! atque iterum didulum! felisque fidesque,
Vacca super lunæ cornua prosiluit:
Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi;
Abstulit et turpi lanx cochleare fuga."

How much more elegant this, although excessively bad Latin, than the English version, which commences with "High ding diddle! the cat's in the fiddle!" The same verses, in the Quambo language, of which we possess the only copy, are still more elegant:

"Hydee dindiddle! pooskat infiddlee!
Moolekow saltatee oer moonee;
Puppeedohg grinninto squintat such funnee;
Pewteran platteran ofwitha spoonnee."

The only other original which our limits will allow us to present, is one of great importance to the wool-growers; and for that reason we recommend it to the serious attention of Mr. DANIEL WEBSTER. It may be remembered that Mr. BO-PEEP, a great wool-grower, in western New York, had a young son, to whom was entrusted his father's animated property. He lost a portion, if not all of these, and made a great

lamentation in consequence, when, according to Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who, being in his second childhood, is good authority in the premises,—

“Had he let 'em alone,
They'd have all come home,
With their tails a-hanging behind 'em.”

This affecting t-a-l-e, which, after the manner of LONGFELLOW's “Village Blacksmith,” carries a moral in its t-a-i-l, is thus beautifully given in the original French:

“Petit Bo-bouton, a perdu ses moutons,
Et ne sait pas qui les a pris;
O laissez les-tranquilles, ils viendront en ville,
A chacun sa queue apre lui.”

There is another version in Polish, which claims precedence of this, we think; but it has escaped the search of Mr. HALLIWELL. We only remember the first verse, which ran thus:

“Ja iestem Bo-PEEPWICZ.”

Some of the poetry given in the volume is very choice and beautiful. We append a few extracts, in order to show the great similarity in style, between WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, MRS. SIGOURNEY, and Mother Goose, although we think the old lady inferior in silliness, and superior in style to her imitators.

The fox and his wife they had a great
strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole
life;
They eat their meat without fork or
knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-oh!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all
things bright;
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while!
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to the farmer's
gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;

I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh!

The grey goose she ran round the hay-
stack,
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my
back,
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh!

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her
head!
Oh, oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been thro' the town, e-oh!

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through
the head;

Ah, ha, said the farmer, I think you're
quite dead;
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!

There was a lady all skin and bone,
Sure such a lady was never known;
This lady went to church one day,
She went to church all for to pray.

And when she came to the church stile,
She sat her down to rest a little while;
When she came to the churchyard;
There the bells so loud she heard.

When she came to the church door,
She stopt to rest a little more;
When she came to the church within,
The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,
She saw a dead man on the ground;
And from his nose unto his chin, [in.
The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd

Then she unto the parson said,
Shall I be so when I am dead ?

Oh yes ! oh yes ! the parson said,
You will be so when you are dead.

GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,
Mother, come bind up my head ;
And send to the parson of our parish,
For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
For to-morrow I shall be dead.

We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die,
Who for love of you did die.

His mother she made him some water-
gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon ;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 't was noon,
And died before 't was noon.

Set him down ! set him down ! Lady Anna,
she cry'd,
On the grass that grows so green ;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lie by his'n,
My body shall lie by his'n.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif ;
She saw the prettiest corpse,
She'd seen in all her life, life,
She'd seen in all her life.

Lady Anna was buried in the east,
Giles Collins was buried in the west ;
There grew a lilly from Giles Collins,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high ?

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
And cut this lily in twain ;
Which never there was seen before,
And it never will again, again,
And it never will again.

Here comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a daldin ;
Here comes a lusty wooer,
Lily bright and shine a.

For your fairest daughter,
My a dildin, my a daldin ;
For your fairest daughter,
Lily bright and shine a.

Pray, who do you woo,
My a dildin my a daldin ;
Pray, who do you woo,
Lily bright and shine a.

Then there she is for you,
My a dildin, my a daldin ;
Then there she is for you,
Lily bright and shine a.

Can you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework ?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, &c.
Between the salt water and the sea sand ?
And you, &c.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, &c. [fell ?
Where never spring water, nor rain ever
And you, &c.

Can you plough with a ram's horn,
Parsley, &c.
And sow it all over with one pepper-corn ?
And you, &c.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, &c.
Which never bore a blossom since Adam
was born ?
And you, &c.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, &c.
And bind it up with a peacock's feather ?
And you, &c.

Now you have ask'd me questions three,
Parsley, &c.
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you, &c.

When you have done and finish'd your,
work,
Parsley, &c.
Then come to me for your cambric shirt ?
And you, &c.

King Stephen was a worthy king,
As ancient bards do sing ;

He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the queen she made,
And stuff'd it full of plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen sat down to dine,
And all the court beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

We have now performed our duty to the public and to the author. The fervent admiration for the learning and genius of Mr. HALLIWELL, which filled us when we commenced our task, remains unquenched. The knowledge that the book itself had passed in England through a third edition, since we received our copy, prompted us to the review. When the fourth edition has been completed, for the pure taste of the English people demand it, there remains one more work worthy of the talents of its compiler—a work needed to fill a void now existing in nursery literature. It is nothing more nor less than commentaries upon the story of COCK ROBIN, who was killed by the SPARROW, as history informs us, and with that very weapon which made the islanders of ENGLAND so terrible to the Frenchmen, in “the days long ago.” Mr. HALLIWELL being a very “small potato,” why should he not—if we may be pardoned an old Joe Millerism—why should he not make a very good “common ’tatur?”

ART. VI.—TO YOUR WORK, TRUE HEARTS!

TO your work, true hearts of the younger time!

Let the proud enjoy the spoil—
Let the poet build fantastic rhyme—
Be it yours to daily toil.
Toil on, without a rest or stop;
Toil on, until your senses drop,
Reel, whirry and swim,
And your eyes grow dim—
Toil on, 'til your work be done.

“

To your work, true hearts of the younger time!

Let the old enjoy their life—
Let them revel well in wealth and crime—
While the young hearts court the strife.
Toil on, nor seek for ease or gain;
Toil on, nor shrink from want and pain;
Toil, gather and give,
That the rest may live—
Toil on, 'til your work be done.

“

To your work, true hearts of the younger time!

For your time will yet be here—
It will come before ye pass your prime—
If ye neither shrink nor fear.
Toil on, and bide the day of power;
Toil on, and wait the triumph hour;
Work, trouble and think,
At the graves' wide brink—
Toil on, 'til your work be done.

ART. VII.—RICHARD PARKER'S WIDOW.

WHEN I was in London some years since, I, with another person, went one morning to the police office, with several of the higher functionaries with whom my companion was acquainted. After seeing some of the peculiar sights and scenes that are to be met with at such a place only, we were invited to sit a while in a sort of half-private, half-public parlour, attached to the establishment. When we entered, one of the magistrates was talking to an aged, shabbily-dressed lady, (for *lady* she was, by a title superior to dress,) who seemed to be applying for parish assistance, or making enquiries of him about the necessary steps to be taken for procuring it. My companion, the moment he saw her, directed my attention to her by a peculiar movement of the head.

"Look closely at her," said he, in a whisper, "that woman's life has been indirectly involved with the welfare of nations. When we are alone, I will tell you more about her."

The female might at one time have been handsome; but now, years and sorrow had graven deeply on her features and form the evidences of decay. Her eyes had that piercing look which belongs to people whose sight is nearly gone. Her garments were clean, though old, and very faded.

I was interested in the appearance of this female—though I could hardly divine what or who she had been—and when we left the place, I reminded my friend of his promise.

"That woman," said he, "is the widow of a man whose name, forty years ago, rang for many weeks like a death-knell through ENGLAND, and shook with terror the foundation of the throne itself! Her husband was RICHARD PARKER, the Admiral Mutineer, who headed the sailor's rebellion at the NORE."

He then went on to give me the particulars of this celebrated mutiny, which I had read in my own country when a boy, but which had nearly escaped my memory. As the reader may also have forgotten—or may never have heard it—and as the history of the singular affair is full of interest—I will recapitulate it here. I am of course indebted to English authorities for most of the facts that follow.

In the early part of MAY, 1797, the British seamen in the vessels about the NORE, (a point of land so called, dividing the mouths of the THAMES and MEDWAY,) indignant at many oppressive restrictions, and at non-payment of their wages, broke out into an organized meeting. They deprived the officers of all command of the ships, though they otherwise treated them with every respect. Each vessel was put under the government of a committee of twelve men; and a board of delegates was appointed to represent the whole body of sailors, each man-of-war sending two delegates, and each gun-boat one. Of these delegates RICHARD PARKER was chosen president. This man was of good family, and had been engaged in SCOTLAND in mercantile business, which proving unsuccessful, he one day in a fit of despondency left his family, took the bounty, and became a common sailor. He was gentlemanly in his manners, well educated, and the bravest of the brave.

The force of the mutineers, which, toward the latter part of MAY, consisted of twenty-four sail, soon proceeded to block up the THAMES—sternly refusing a passage to vessels up or down. In a day or two there was of course an immense number of ships, and water craft of all descriptions, under detention. The appearance of the whole fleet is described by contemporaneous accounts as appalling and grand. The red flag floated from the mast-head of every one of the mutineers.

It may well be imagined that the alarm of the citizens of LONDON was extreme. The government, however, though unable to quell PARKER and his fellow sailors by force, remained firm in their demand of unconditional surrender as a necessary preliminary to any intercourse. This, perhaps, was the wisest line of conduct they could have assumed. The seamen never seemed to think of taking an offensive attitude. Being thus left in quiet to meditate on their position of hostility to a whole country, they shortly began to grow timorous—and the more so, as the government had caused all the buoys to be removed from the mouth of the THAMES and the adjacent coasts, so that no vessel dare attempt to move away, for fear of running aground. The mutineers held together, nevertheless, till the 30th of MAY, when the Clyde frigate was carried off through a combination of its officers with some of the seamen; and this desertion was followed by the ST. FIORENZO. Both were fired upon by the mutineers, but no great damage was done.

From the 1st to the 10th of JUNE, all was disquiet on board the fleet. Several more desertions happened during that period. On the 10th, the whole body of the detained merchantmen were allowed, by common consent, to proceed up the river. Such a multitude of ships certainly never entered a port before at one tide. On the 12th, only seven ships held out—and by the 16th, the mutiny had terminated. A party of soldiers then went on board the SANDWICH, and to them were surrendered the delegates of that ship, RICHARD PARKER, and a man named DAVIES.

PARKER, to whom the title of Admiral was given by the sailors and the public during the whole of this affair, occupied from the beginning the principal attention of the government. He was now brought summarily to trial before a naval court martial, on the 22d of JUNE—having been thrown, for the intermediate time, in the black-hole of SHEERNESS garrison. In his defence, which he conducted himself, he read an elegantly written and powerful paper, setting forth that the situation he had held, had been in a measure forced upon him—that he had consented to occupy it chiefly for the purpose of preventing any bloody or cruel measures—that he had restrained the men from excesses—and that, had he been disloyal, he might have taken the ship to sea, or to an enemy's port.

But nothing could save PARKER. He was sentenced to death. When his doom was pronounced, he immediately stood up, and with a firm voice made the following short but most beautiful response: "I shall submit to your sentence with all due respect, being confident of the innocence of my intentions, and that GOD will receive me into favor; and I sincerely hope that my death will be the means of restoring tranquillity to the navy, and that those men who have been implicated in

the business may be reinstated in their former situations, and again be serviceable to their country."

On the morning of the 30th JUNE, the whole fleet was ranged a little below SHEERNESS, in full sight of the SANDWICH, on board of which RICHARD PARKER was that day to suffer an ignominious death. The yellow flag, the signal of death, was hoisted—and the crew of every ship was piped to the fore-castle. PARKER was aroused from a sound sleep that morning, and attired himself with neatness, in a suit of deep mourning. He mentioned to his attendants that he had made a will, leaving his wife heir to some property belonging to him. On coming upon deck, he was hale, but perfectly composed, and drank a glass of water "to the salvation of his soul, and the forgiveness of all his enemies." He said nothing to his mates on the fore-castle but "Good bye to you!" and expressed a hope that his death would be considered a sufficient atonement, and would save the lives of others. He was then strung up at the yard arm, and in a few moments dangled lifeless there.

Mrs. PARKER was in SCOTLAND, among her connexions, and when the rumour came to her ears that the NORE fleet had mutinied, and that the leader was one RICHARD PARKER, she immediately started for LONDON—and on her arrival heard that her husband had been tried, but the result was unknown. Being able to think of nothing better than petitioning the king, she gave a person a guinea to draw up a paper, praying that PARKER's life might be spared. She attempted to make her way with this to His Majesty's presence—but was finally obliged to hand it to a Lord in waiting, who gave her the cruel intelligence that applications for mercy in all cases would be attended to, except those for RICHARD PARKER. The distracted woman then took coach for ROCHESTER on the 29th, where she got on board a king's ship, and learned that her husband was to be executed on the following day. Who can imagine her unspeakable wretchedness, as she sat up the whole of that long night of agony! At four o'clock the next morning, she went to the river side to hire a boat to take her to the SANDWICH, that she might at least bid her poor husband farewell. Her feelings had been deeply tortured by hearing every person she met talking of that occurrence which was the subject of her distress; and now the first waterman to whom she spoke, answered, "No, I cannot take one passenger; the brave Admiral PARKER is to be hung to-day, and I will get any sum I choose to ask for a party!"

After a long trial, the wretched wife was glad to get on board a SHEERNESS market-boat—but no boat was allowed to come alongside the SANDWICH. In her desperation, she called on PARKER by name, and prevailed on the boat people, by the mere spectacle of her suffering, to attempt to go nearer, when they were stopped by a sentinel threatening to fire at them. As the hour drew nigh, she saw her husband appear on deck between two clergymen. She called on him again, and he heard her voice, for he exclaimed, "There is my dear wife, from SCOTLAND!"

The excitement of this was too great, and the miserable wife fell back in a state of insensibility—from which she was fortunate enough not to recover until the scene of death was finished, and she had been taken ashore. She seemed to think, however, that she was yet in time:

she hired another boat, and a second time reached the SANDWICH. Her delirious shriek, "Pass the word for RICHARD PARKER!" rang through the decks, and must have startled all on board. The truth was now made clear to her, and she was further informed that the body had just been taken on shore for burial. She immediately caused herself to be rowed back again, and proceeded to the churchyard; but found the ceremony over and the gate locked!

The key, which she sought from the proper source, was refused her; and she was excited almost to madness at learning that that the surgeon would probably disinter the body that night for anatomical purposes. She was now in a situation of mind wherein all the ordinary timidity and softness of her sex left her. She waited cautiously around the churchyard 'til dusk—then, clambering over the wall, she readily found her husband's new-made grave. The shell was not buried deep, and she worked in such a manner that the earth was soon scraped away, and the coffin lid removed. She clasped the cold neck, and kissed the clammy lips of the object of her search!

The necessity of prompt measures to possess the body, aroused this extraordinary woman from the enjoyment of her melancholy pleasure. She left the churchyard, and communicated her situation to two women, who in their turn got several men to undertake the task of lifting the body. This was accomplished successfully, and the coffin was carried to ROCHESTER, and thence to LONDON. The widow stopped with her sad burthen at a tavern on TOWER HILL. By express at the same hour, or before it, information had been brought to the capital of the exhumation of the body; and the secret of its locality could not now be kept. A great crowd assembled around the house, anxious to see the dead man's face, which Mrs. PARKER would not permit. She had the corpse in her own room, and was sitting disconsolately beside it, hardly knowing what course to pursue, and fearing it would be taken from her by the authorities, when the Lord Mayor arrived to see her. He came to ask what she intended doing with the remains of her husband: she answered, "to inter them decently at EXETER, or in SCOTLAND." The Lord Mayor said the body should not be taken from her; but he prevailed upon her to have it buried in LONDON. Arrangements were accordingly made for that purpose, and finally the corpse of the hapless sailor was inhumed in Whitechapel churchyard. After the closing ceremony, Mrs. PARKER gave a certificate that the burial had been conducted to her satisfaction. But, though strictly questioned as to who had aided her in the disinterment, she firmly refused to disclose their names.

For many years afterward, this faithful wife lived on the income she derived from the little property left her by her husband's will. But ultimately her rights were some how or other decided against by a judicial tribunal, and she was thrown into great poverty in LONDON, where she lived. She was in the habit of receiving assistance, however, from the highest quarters. WILLIAM IV. gave her at one time £20, and at another £10. On the occasion when I saw her in 1836, she was nearly blind, and, as I intimated in the beginning, was making application for some public aid. I was gratified to learn afterward that she received it. Whether she be yet living, I am not able to say.

ART. VIII.—THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, AND THE LATE ACTING PRESIDENT.

[As a matter of strict justice, we give place to the following article from the pen of a distinguished fellow-citizen. We make no comments upon its contents, nor the style in which the matter is handled. Were the author of our mind, he would not have taken any trouble on the subject. The editor of the Democratic Review is also the editor of the New York Morning News—a journal detested by the Democracy. The worst characteristics are shown in these two publications. The sole difference between the Review and the News seems to be, that the former, besides being as profligate and mendacious as the latter, possesses a double amount of dullness. Either or both are as contemptible as they affect to be contemptuous.—EDITOR OF THE ARISTIDEAN.]

THE March number of the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW contained a leading paper, entitled the "late acting President." This article is equally offensive to good taste and to truth; and, although the name of the writer is not given, it is evidently the composition of one of the cabal, known in the State of NEW YORK, as the Anti-Texas or "Secret Circular clique." This class of men—who may well be termed the political Jesuits of the day, since they have no object in view, except the advancement of their order, and since they invariably prefer to accomplish their purposes in the dark, and by secret and indirect means—from the moment they ascertained that President TYLER had some other object in contemplation, when he vetoed the Bank and Distribution bills, than their advancement to offices of honour and profit under his administration, after having been the most fulsome of his eulogists, were suddenly converted into his malignant traducers—and the magnitude of his offence having been in proportion to the disappointment of their selfish hopes, they have continued to be his enemies.

The country may be not a little surprised that the author of this production, and others like him, should have assumed at this precise instant, when Ex-President TYLER has retired from political life, a private citizen on his farm in VIRGINIA, to renew with a fresh outbreak these ill-bred and libellous attacks upon him; for their abuse is not confined to the *choice* pages of the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW—but every newspaper to which they have access is teeming with the same illiberal censures, harsh epithets, and disgusting calumnies. They who express surprise at this, are not acquainted either with the peculiar nature or "modus operandi" of these men.

In the first place, they hope, by charging corruption upon the late President, in making his official appointments, to induce the present President of the UNITED STATES to remove all the present officers, that they or their minions may be appointed, and enjoy the emoluments now enjoyed by others.

The second reason is *almost* as potent as the first. It is not necessary to dwell here on those felicitous circumstances, fortunate or extraordinary, attending the retirement of Mr. TYLER from the chair of state. The country can best bear witness to the fruits of his administration, in its own happiness and prosperity. These persons who have so unceasingly persecuted the late President—who have either opposed his measures, or, when scourged into their support, have endeavoured as far as possible to deprive him of the credit they confer—who have been ever with

the cry upon their lips, that "nothing good could come out of NAZARETH"—who have predicted that ruin to the country would follow his course of policy—now find themselves paralyzed by the incontestible facts which present themselves: their predictions ridiculed, their conduct despised, and they a broken-down and disgraced clique, pointed at by the children in the streets as tricksters and false prophets. When it is remembered that these men, for a considerable time, before Mr. TYLER succeeded to the presidency, were accustomed—the veil not having been then removed from the face of MOKANNA—to rule their party, like bullies, by arrogant bravado, and the insidious action of secret organizations, one can easily imagine their intense mortification and malicious rage, when they have at last discovered the appalling truth, that the man, whom they really deemed their helpless victim, has incomprehensibly become their conqueror and master. Even their insolence and fatuity can find no vulnerable point to attack in the measures of foreign and domestic policy, which have so signally graced his administration. All that remains for them to do, is to make a last despairing assault on his personal reputation, and the *motives* which have controlled his public conduct.

I thank the writer of the paper entitled the "late acting President," whoever he may be, that in making his private malice a matter of public concern, he has afforded me an opportunity to reply to calumnies, in something of an authentic shape, which have been too long preferred and too widely circulated, and which may be thus instantly checked and put down.

From the mass of puerile and—I may well say it—infamous twattle inflicted in the pages of the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW on the subscribers to that journal, we have seriously endeavoured to gather and to condense the writer's meaning. He intends to charge the late President with, or insinuate against him, three great political faults or crimes.

1st. Bad appointments to office, with an *insinuation* of personal corruption in the dispensation of patronage—

2d. A corrupt use of the Federal power, which the constitution and laws placed in his hands, for personal and selfish objects—

3d. Ambitious and improper views in respect to the *succession*.

In the concluding paragraph of his attack, the writer himself answers the first charge with great force and efficacy, although it is to be confessed he by no means designed to do so. He says:

"We by no means design to include the whole body of Mr. Tyler's office-holders within the application of the above remarks. A considerable number of gentlemen of the highest political and personal merit, are indeed to be found among them—either selected through the agency of friends—or by happy chance—or by way of good leaven to leaven the lump, as respectable endorsers to the bankrupt worthlessness of so many of the rest. Still less, of course, will any portion of them be received as applicable to Mr. Tyler's cabinet, the members of which have had little—most of them nothing—to do with the meaner matters of party-making management."

When, in addition to these admitted facts, it is considered that the writer for the REVIEW does not adduce one single case of bad appointment in confirmation of his assertions—that he does not state that Mr. TYLER, owing to the numerous rejections by the Senate of his best and

most valued friends, was frequently compelled to nominate persons to office upon the representation of others, of whom he had previously no manner of knowledge—and, under all these disadvantageous circumstances, such has been the strictness of the rule of accountability in the administration of the government, that only one or two instances of inconsiderable defalcation have occurred, which were promptly punished—the impartial reader will doubtless agree with me in believing that there is no foundation for the first charge specified, except in the mere speculations of this bitter, personal and political enemy of the late President.

It is an easy thing to make an assertion of improper conduct in reference to another, or to assign for any act a corrupt motive; and it is no less easy to maintain it, with very considerable ingenuity. Every American has the right, in the exercise of his privileges as an independent citizen, to scrutinize the behaviour, and to criticise the public acts of a public servant. A freeman of this Republic can have no loftier employment, can do no greater service to his country, than, when influenced by a high and sacred motive of subserving the public good, he strips the masque from the face of some designing hypocrite and corrupt demagogue, and lays bare his deformities to public observation. Where the object of a public writer is to maintain what he conceives to be a well-founded opinion, in respect to a constitutional principle, or a measure of administrative policy, he deserves to be respected and praised. He benevolently desires to enlighten others with a knowledge of that which may be agreeable or useful to them. He expends his precious time and the treasures of his thought, gratuitously, for the benefit of his countrymen. Such a writer does not deal in dark insinuations involved in mysterious phraseology, conveying a charge or a conclusion, at the same time leaving the mind perplexed with its indefiniteness, to which he has not the moral or physical courage to attach his name; nor does he indulge in gross and wicked speculations upon the motives of the man whom he attempts to expose, without a particle of proof, or scarcely a semblance of plausibility to support him in his uncharitable declarations. Such a writer weighs his subject-matter carefully, and endeavours to convince others by the strength of his arguments, and the force of a powerful and convincing eloquence. The reader of the March number of the *DEMOCRATIC REVIEW* will at a glance perceive that the author of the violent tirade entitled the "late acting President," does not pretend to be a writer of the description I have mentioned; nor, in truth, do I suppose he lays any claim to be either a gentleman or honest critic. I ask all who peruse that paper, if it does not bear internal evidence of having been written by a thoroughly corrupt politician. The easy, life-like manner, in which the writer attributes a corrupt motive for every act of the late President, clearly demonstrates that his own thoughts have reposed long, and naturally, upon movements associated with political corruption and intrigue.

The charge of *personal corruption* in connection with the name of JOHN TYLER, is so absolutely ridiculous, contemptible and cowardly, that I shall not for a moment dwell upon it. Let an attempt be made to prove it, and then I will meet the charge.

The second grave charge is that of a selfish use of the public patronage, and corruption in its distribution.

I am well aware that the land has been groaning under a weight of misrepresentation in this particular. How it is, that the whole popular mind has not become infected with the false statements which have been iterated and reiterated without number, from the tens of thousands of presses and partizans so long engaged in this work, at once disgraceful and criminal, is a matter of perfect astonishment to me. Let the unprejudiced reader bear in mind how few political friends Mr. TYLER had, during the greater part of his official term, firm enough to stand by him in his position of armed-neutrality between the two great parties of the day; and how feeble was the press which had the hardihood to sustain him, in point of numbers; and contrast his unsupported, his almost naked position, with the extraordinary strength which his enemies, whose interest it was to misrepresent and to malign him, were enabled to exhibit in every shape and form against him. He will be surprised that even honesty and truth themselves have in the end triumphed over these many channels of falsehood, and engines of detraction. Thousands of these idle stories have fallen, still-born; thousands have had a day's life, and then perished; *and there is no instance where any one of them has been subjected to the touchstone of examination, that it has not been entirely dissipated.* The contracts with the BENSONS have furnished a fruitful theme for a thousand slanders. One would have supposed the Navy Department to have been a mass of corruption. So much was said upon this subject, that the lower house of Congress determined to investigate their complexion and character. They have been brought before it, and, without being printed even, by unanimous consent were laid upon the table. The "Zabriskie contract" was another affair of the sort, which still lingers a little on the public ear. The subject was referred to a committee, whose chairman is one of the bitterest political enemies the late President has ever had. This gentleman has made a report, by which it seems that all the *criminality* charged upon the President, has been converted into the *carelessness* of not having written a formal note to the head of the Bureau of Construction. From this report, it is shown that the government has not suffered in the remotest degree; and that as soon as Mr. TYLER discovered there was a taint of illegality about the contract, he had it abrogated. I have referred to these two cases, because they have been made the vulnerable points of Mr. TYLER's administration. I will furnish an instance of recent occurrence, to show how these tales and reports are fabricated. Mr. JOHN C. RIVES, of the GLOBE—a newspaper published at WASHINGTON, D. C.,—is accused of having bribed a clerk of the name of WEAVER, while Mr. WEBSTER was Secretary of State, to give him the printing of the compendium of the sixth census. The editors of the GLOBE, being excessively anxious to be the printers to the next Congress, are filled with extraordinary impatience to be rid of this charge. Mr. RIVES publishes a long statement of the Weaver affair in his paper; and for the purpose of conducting public observation from his own acts, accuses Mr. TYLER with having attempted to bribe him with this same job of printing. What is the proof with which he attempts to sustain

this charge of venality? It appears that Mr. WEBSTER had resolved to take the printing from this RIVES, in despite of his bribe to WEAVER. Mr. RIVES visits the Chief Magistrate upon the subject, and uses improper language toward Mr. WEBSTER. The President, with his usually courteous though firm manner, immediately interrupted Mr. RIVES, and tells him he is too "blunt;" and this little word *blunt* is at once converted into *bribery*. It means, "Mr. RIVES, I am surprised at you; you stupid Scotchman, you do'nt take. BLAIR, I know, is a sharp rascal; send him to me. He and I will soon come to an understanding." Ah! how impotent and contemptible! I assert that no President of this Union, since JEFFERSON, ever used the public patronage less than Mr. TYLER, or ever used it less selfishly or tyrannically; and I challenge the least evidence, in the shape of facts, to the contrary, from any and every source whatever.

I now approach the last charge which has been preferred: that of improper views in respect to the succession.

When Mr. TYLER reached WASHINGTON, in APRIL, 1841, his first act, after his installation as President of the UNITED STATES, was to arrest, as far as practicable, the work of proscription which was prevailing in respect to the subordinate offices of the government, and to issue an inaugural address to the country. In this inaugural address, he had introduced a paragraph intimating in the strongest terms an intention not to suffer his name to be used in connection with the question of the succession. The official organ of Mr. TYLER's administration has repeatedly stated this fact—two living witnesses have already given their evidence direct to the point, in public letters—and I also am a witness to the same unquestionable truth. A decided objection was made by some of the President's friends to the insertion of this declaration in his address, and finally, after two days' deliberation, he yielded to the force of their arguments, which the result has shown to have been so singularly correct. In addition to the fact that his name had no where been mentioned in connection with the Presidency, and that it might be offensive to delicacy, and would be construed into a work of supererogation to speak of the succession at that period—that it would be time enough to decline when he had been spoken of as a candidate—the argument which had most influence over him in his final determination, and which experience has clearly demonstrated to have been wise, was this: he was a vice-president, succeeding by the accident of the death of General HARRISON to the presidency. An important provision of the constitution was to be for the first time tested—I may say one of the most important provisions of that instrument. He ascended the presidential chair, differing with the mass of the Whig party, that had elected him without pledges to the vice-presidency, upon several grave questions, involving considerations of constitutional construction—the deepest and gravest of all questions connected with the administration of a Republican government—without any very widely extended popularity and without any party attached to his political and personal fortunes. He was, individually, without much weight with the larger portion of the Whigs in Congress; and he could not reasonably expect, on any radical difference of opinion on any great question, arising between him-

self and the leaders of the Whig party, that much deference would be paid to his wishes. An extra session of Congress, to which he had been all along opposed, had been determined on; and he did not feel himself, under all the circumstances of the case, at liberty to arrest this step. Already it was hinted in the leading newspapers, and muttered in the political circles, that a new national bank with enlarged means and powers, constituted upon the basis of the old establishment, was to be incorporated. The President knew that political parties, in this country, always form with a prospective action and intent, in reference to the enormous patronage which the victorious party enjoys in the federal and state administrations—that the people, until the period of the canvass arrives, have but little to do with the action of parties—and that the politicians, both those who should be *in* office, and those who should be *out*, the one set desirous to retain, and the other set anxious to obtain places, would gather together in reference to the succession, under the banners of their respective chiefs, through whose success they hoped to reach their purposes; and ready and willing to do the bidding of their leaders, whatever their commands might be. Under these circumstances, it was contended that events might, and in all probability would arise, rendering every element of strength which he might have at command, necessary to save him from disgrace and destruction. I repeat, after two days passed in deliberation upon this subject, and in consultation with the friends he had around him, Mr. TYLER consented to the force of this reasoning, proved by subsequent events to have been incontestibly true.

I dwell upon this fact of Mr. TYLER's earnest desire to separate himself from the question of the succession, because it constitutes a strong link in that chain of circumstances which establish the purity of motive that controlled him throughout his administration. Here, at the outset of his presidential career, was the evidence furnished in an act the President was with difficulty persuaded from doing, of the absence of any improper feelings in respect to the succession. The argument to which he listened, and under which he subsequently acted, shows that he had then formed the determination of resisting all efforts to make him the tool of a faction; and that from the first, with that resolution of independence which has been characteristic of his family, he had determined to be—if with only "a corporal's guard around him, in form and substance"—President of the UNITED STATES. He had resolved, then, that no man or faction should stand behind the chair of state, "to threaten and command."

The extra session was held. The Bank bills were passed, in despite of his earnest wishes to the contrary. They were vetoed—and since then, the idea of a Bank has been buried "fathoms deep." The President had come to WASHINGTON in the 51st year of his life, with not a spot on the escutcheon of his political character. He was every where known as "honest JOHN TYLER." During the hot and angry contest of '40, slander itself could find no weapon with which to strike him. In one short month after the vetoes—if a person believed the reports of the ten thousand federal prints in the country, or listened to the patriotic speeches of federal partizans—there was not a more dishonest man on

earth. By a sudden freak of nature, or by a kind of *coup de main* process, the DEVIL had obtained complete possession of a victim whose character, a day previous, was too lofty and virtuous for him to look at. The man who had never in his whole life sought a political distinction, but whose step the honours of station seemed to pursue—so unexpectedly and quickly were they showered—had become an officemonger. A man who had resigned his seat from the House of Representatives, when he might have been returned with acclamation—who resigned his seat from the Senate of the UNITED STATES, upon what these very aspersers of his character termed a *punctilious point*, so keen was his sense of honour—who had never sought a favour of a federal administration—who had heretofore shown himself to have been singularly incorruptible and disinterested, had suddenly turned a *traitor to his party*, to curry favour with the Democratic party for the succession, and had exhibited himself lost to every sentiment of honour and manhood. Throughout his political life, in every speech he had ever made on the subject, in every vote he had ever given on such a question, he had expressed an opposition to the Bank; and now he merely continued this opposition to Mr. CLAY's Bank bill, which many of the leading members of the Whig party knew he would veto, before it passed the two houses of Congress; and none expected him to sign, except by the coercion of the circumstances of the case. For this act of consistency, he was denounced in terms which have only served to contrast the lofty patriotism of this great deed with the disgraceful conduct of his slanderers. Some of these men boasted in the bar-room of taverns and on the public streets, that he *dare not* veto the Bank bills. The President understood his obligations to the country better, and had a firmer purpose, possibly, than these men supposed. It was publicly declared that he had broken faith with his cabinet ministers, several of whom had been for weeks guilty of the grossest treachery towards him; and he was finally banished formally from the Whig party. It requires but half an eye to perceive the policy which induced Mr. CLAY, in respect to the Bank and to other measures, to irritate the Whig party, by forcing from the President a repeated application of the veto power. His policy was to draw, by this process, the Whig party from the support of the administration. As soon as he found the President would be no tool, he determined to make war upon him—his mind being instantly filled with the suspicion that Mr. TYLER wished to supplant him as the candidate in '44. His plan succeeded so admirably that the President was at last, at a meeting of the Whig members of Congress held at the Capitol, evicted, with the most pointed expressions of rage and abuse, from all communion thereafter with the Whig party. If this was not the motive which influenced Mr. CLAY in his unwarrantable and violent conduct towards Mr. TYLER, then there is no force in the clearest circumstantial evidence. Suppose, for a moment, that the President had been guilty of that with which he was charged—perfidy, etc., etc.,—does any one believe that Mr. CLAY would have assaulted him thus, if the wrong and guilt had been for Mr. CLAY's benefit? *Credat Judæ apella, non ego.*

It will not be pretended that the then cabinet, consisting in part of

Messrs. EWING, GRANGER, BELL, BADGER, and CRITTENDEN, so far as these persons were concerned, did not act under Mr. CLAY's advice and influence. Will the reader bear in mind some of the most important circumstances attending this singular movement? On the first days of the last week of the session of the Senate, there was not a member of the cabinet who had made up his mind to resign. This was subsequent to the act of the vetoes. There is proof existing of this fact, in reference to several of them. On THURSDAY of that week, the first resignation came in; on SATURDAY following, the last resignation was sent to the President. The Senate had resolved to adjourn on TUESDAY of the next week. By the constitution and laws, it was absolutely necessary to fill the vacancies thus created; to make an entire cabinet between SATURDAY evening and TUESDAY morning—a period of less than fifty-six hours—a work upon which Presidents have ordinarily deliberated for months. Mr. CLAY, in making this terrible onslaught upon the President, supposed that one of three results must inevitably follow. 1st. That the President would fail to make a cabinet, and be forced to conduct the administration without one; or, 2d—and most hoped-for—that he would be forced to resign; or, 3d, that he would be compelled to precipitate himself into the arms of the opposite party. In this last event he would have an opportunity of immediately raising the cry of “bargain and corruption,” declaring that the election of HARRISON had been defeated altogether in its contemplated results, by the treachery of Mr. TYLER, and that the battle must be fought over again *with himself*, “the incorruptible embodiment of Whig principles,” as the Presidential leader. Here are facts which speak in letters of fire.

Mr. WEBSTER, for reasons which he stated to the country at the time, in a letter that was widely published, desired to remain with the President, and the President was delighted to have him do so. In less than forty-eight hours, Mr. TYLER, with a promptness which cannot be too highly commended, made *an entire Whig cabinet* of the most unexceptionable character. A bomb-shell thrown into the senate-chamber, could not have occasioned a greater degree of consternation. The Senate dared not reject these appointments. They were confirmed, and Mr. CLAY was defeated in his cardinal object of *forcing the President to resign*. But the sword had been drawn from the sheath, and its naked point had been presented to the breast of Mr. TYLER—the deliberate purpose of the assassin had been manifested, and it was too late to retract. The war of extermination agreed upon, was prosecuted with the most unexampled vigour. The cabinet letters, the betrayal of cabinet secrets, the “coffee-house epistle” of BOTTS, and other coffee-house epistles that were never made public, the furious denunciations of the “mousing politicians” of the House of Representatives, and, finally, the famous “manifesto” of the assailants from the place of their general meeting at the Capitol, prove the earnestness with which the contest was conducted. It will be recollected that the President was new to the office and the country, with no organized party, with no press, with no possible means of reaching the people in justification of his course, or as a measure of counter-attack. The consequence was, that

in the first and fierce clamour of the moment, he was overwhelmed and prostrated. But still, when down, he fought on with a courage unquailing—with a fortitude that never yet yielded to any compulsion of circumstances—with an equanimity that cannot be too much praised—with that calm resolution which is the most prominent element in his character—and with a dignity of deportment which was never jostled from its proud and erect carriage. He has outlived the reputation of his traducers—he has seen retributive justice overtake them all—and while his extraordinary administration has been one of much honor and usefulness to the country, not one of these men now exist in political life. All have disappeared, as if by a general fatality, into their dishonourable graves.

Why did the President make a Whig cabinet at the time to which I have alluded? There were three powerful reasons instigating him to this course.

In the first place, Mr. WEBSTER was then in the State Department, endeavouring to negotiate the N. E. Boundary question, which was afterwards so happily settled—the States most interested, along with the general country, having expressed their full sanction of the treaty of WASHINGTON. The President was unwilling, the negotiations then being far advanced, with a war—left by the preceding administration—hanging over the country, to interrupt their progress. The country was then in a most crippled and embarrassed condition, and but little prepared to meet the exigencies of a war with the greatest of the European powers. During the four years immediately preceding Mr. TYLER's accession to the chair of state, the government had been in the hands of the Albany Regency politicians. It would be silly to say that there was, during this time, any *administration* of the government at all. The set of superannuated partizans who were then invested with the dignities of public station, were notoriously, from the highest to the lowest, incompetent to administer their offices for the benefit of the country. The whole land, like a badly kept hospital for the sick, smelt of corruption and decay. There was no longer, so far as the administrative functions of government were concerned, such an idea as public morals. The foreign affairs of the Republic were wound down to a condition at once ludicrous and pitiful. The finances were disarranged—the credit of the government gone—the navy a wreck—the fortifications with scarcely a cannon mounted—the machinery of the Post Office Department dilapidated and crank—every thing in chaos. The President was unwilling at this critical moment to change a Secretary of State, under whose auspices the negotiation was amicably and honourably advancing.

In the second place, since he had struck the paragraph, declining any connection with the succession, from his inaugural, and had yielded to the advice of an unanimous cabinet in not introducing a clause to the same effect in his second veto message, he wished to show to the country, in a manner that he thought would not be questioned, that he had acted in respect to the Bank, on high moral and constitutional grounds, and not with any wish to play the demagogue with the Democratic party.

And in the third place, though this was of secondary importance, as powerful as it was, he determined effectually to thwart the plans of a man to whose dangerously ambitious character, and to whose malignant and intense selfishness, his eyes had been then, for the first time, opened.

The successful results of his principle and feeling, in a short time afterward, became evident. The election that followed scarcely left a vestige of Clay-whiggery in the Union. The *People* everywhere sustained the President. An immense Democratic majority was returned to the ensuing Congress, and serious thoughts were entertained, and attempts made to drop Mr. CLAY, and to adopt Gen. SCOTT, as the Whig candidate for the Presidency. But VAN BUREN, BENTON, BLAIR, and the incompetent and selfish politicians of that school, who know nothing beyond an intrigue to obtain a majority vote in an "Old" or a "Young Men's" committee, would not permit the Patriot of ASHLAND to remain in that repose of private life he had for the previous thirty years been sighing for, and about the pleasures of which he had made so many affecting speeches. Either through a sympathy for his misfortunes, or for some other reason or object, best known to himself, the sage, with the house of the romantic name, (I forget what) kindly visited the retired farmer of ASHLAND, (this was before he got to be the *mill-boy of the slashes*,) enjoyed his hospitality, had several friendly tête-a-têtes with him, and soon after, by way of wonderful coincidence—when Governor BOUCK had been so triumphantly elected to the gubernatorial chair of NEW YORK, which completed the long list of Democratic victories *consequent on the veto*—the united press under the control of these persons, with no reference to any private understanding between the parties, commenced a most sudden, violent, and bloody war against Mr. TYLER and his administration. His firm and honest course was securing him too many friends. The conservative policy of merely looking on at the fight between the President and Whigs, when the President had regained all for the constitution which they had lost, would not do. The aspirants to the Presidency in the Democratic party began to fear him. It was now necessary that a double attack should be made—that the party screws should be put on and tightly drawn. Was this the result of VAN BUREN's visit to ASHLAND? I think so. He wanted to be the candidate of the Democratic party, and he regarded Mr. CLAY as his weakest opponent. Mr. CLAY was resolved to be the candidate of the Whig party, and he regarded Mr. VAN BUREN as the weakest selection which the Democrats could make. JOHN TYLER stood in the way of both, and was hated by both. O rare patriots!—by whom honor, truth, consistency, country, everything of justice or magnanimity, were made subservient to *self*—have you not, verily have you not had your reward? The one, forgetting common decency, not satisfied with a previous denunciation of "a weak, vacillating and faithless chief magistrate," now in the colors of that imagination which had dawned amid the "Slashes of HANOVER," wrote—"He (JOHN TYLER) will leave the Presidential chair, hated and despised of all men." The other—the OILY GAMMON of politicians, harked on the evil spirits of the GLOBE and DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, to do their remorseless work

of defaming and misrepresenting, of endeavouring, with their carrion beaks and dirty talons, to tear down the private and public reputation of a man, whose sole weakness they well know to be his confiding honesty and amiability of heart.

But let us return for a moment. When the President vetoed the Bank bill, what was the situation of parties, in reference to him? The Whigs were groaning with agony at the tremendous blow they had provoked. Everywhere they were cursing, in their own choice language, *the traitor*. The Democratic party was celebrating the vetoes with bonfires and illuminations, with public meetings and the firing of cannon, with approbatory resolutions, and every sentiment of honor and regard for President TYLER. The *GLOBE* pronounced him the benefactor of his country. Was not this the right time, libellers of the *DEMOCRATIC REVIEW*, when Mr. TYLER should have thrown himself at the head of the Democratic party, if he was swallowed up, as you aver, by an insane passion for the *succession*? You would have the country believe that Mr. TYLER was to reach the succession through the Whig party, by vetoing the favourite measures of that party; and he was to reach the succession through the Democratic party by the appointment of a Whig Cabinet, with DANIEL WEBSTER at its head. Thus is the slander about the *succession* answered.

When Mr. TYLER found himself assailed so relentlessly, and in a personal sense too, under an agreement evidently existing between the leaders of both parties, he determined for the first time, as far as he honestly might, to organize a party to sustain him in his position. The federal papers copied at length the abuse of the clique Democratic journals; and these *Democratic* journals, living in hope of the spoils to come, by way of courtesy, I suppose, copied the vituperative comments of the federal organs. The country passed safely through the most dangerous and disgraceful scenes it was ever made to witness. And it was the small, though efficient, party which rallied about the person of the chief magistrate—for strange to say, while the *Democratic* papers abused him, they fought the great Presidential battle on his principles and issues—that saved him, and, I believe, the country from destruction. But for this party and the President's independent action and determined course on the Texas question, Mr. VAN BUREN would have been nominated, and Mr. CLAY would have been elected, with an absolute certainty.—The finger of PROVIDENCE seems to be apparent in all. The extraordinary and unexpected fatuity which induced Messrs. VAN BUREN and CLAY to oppose the annexation of TEXAS saved the country from an Iliad of woes. For either of these persons to have written in its favour, would have secured that writer's election. That *one* should have opposed it may be reconciled to the ordinary events of nature; but that *both* should have opposed the measure, shows clearly the force of the maxim, "*quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*"

Why not, most charitable critic, draw inferences from *facts*, and in imputing *motives* to men—while assuming, in the absence of all proof, this high and sacred office of DEITY—look, too, a little to *results*, and endeavour, if possible, to establish some link between the motive and such results. What have been the results of Mr. TYLER's administra-

tion? With one foot on the N. E. Boundary line and the other on the RIO DEL NORTE, he looks upon the immense Empire of CHINA, with its countless millions of inhabitants, and its exhaustless commerce, from which millions of treasures are to be drawn, opened, for the first time, by treaty, during the last year of his administration, to the industry and enterprise of American citizens. Is there nothing useful or glorious in this? Why not, too, while you are ascribing motives, imagine for the sake of charity, if nothing more, that Mr. TYLER *determined* in the depth of a patriot's heart, to administer the government for the people of his country, without reference to, and in despite of factions and political party organization. Why not suppose that he had in view the success of that provision of the constitution, which declares that a Vice President shall, on the death of the incumbent, succeed to the Presidency, and under a high and lofty veneration for that great Charter of the Union, resolve that the *spirit* of that sacred instrument should be consulted in such a succession, as well as the latter; and that he would, while clothed with the power, and occupying the great office of tribune of the people, see that their rights in his person should be vindicated, and that the experiment in which they were so deeply interested, should not fail. Why not suppose the truth, and say that it was not until he was goaded beyond all endurance, by the malice and falsehood of the politicians of both parties, that he thought of a merely personal party, resorting to such an organization with an instinct of self-preservation.

He leaves the country at peace—with abundancy and more than abundancy, poured out into its wide lap. He leaves a treasury, that he found bankrupt, in the highest credit. He leaves every department of the government which he found but little better than a wreck, in the most perfect order. He leaves no defaulters with their accounts unsettled—the amount of their defalcations a total loss to the treasury. He quickly ended the Florida war speculation, and FLORIDA is now a flourishing State of the Union. He signed the Treaty of WASHINGTON, and a dispute of thirty years standing, with a war constantly in prospective, is adjusted, with the final settlement of the Northern Boundary of the Republic. *He has sent the Joint Resolutions to TEXAS*, and TEXAS may now be considered a part of the Confederacy.

Well may Ex-President TYLER exclaim—"What care I about the puny efforts of the pigmy politicians."

When the writer for the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW next talks about political corruption, let him bear this pregnant fact in his mind: that while other Presidents have had majorities in Congress, with a control of committees to screen their errors from public observation, President TYLER has had two parties in Congress always hostile to him, and ready to magnify the smallest fault into the highest crime.

ART. IX.—HANS SPIEGEN: OR, THE FERRIFACTION.

THERE was once a man, in the hospital, at STUTTGARD, a Bavarian by birth, whose story was so strange, and whose sufferings so terrible, that the narration, were it not fully and undoubtedly established, would seem to defy credulity. We have made, for our readers, an abstract of his case, from the certificates, under oath, of Dr. **MAYER**, the chief surgeon to the hospital; **GERTRUDE HOFFMAN**, the head nurse; and the **HERR VON KNEIDLER**, the Syndic of the city, together with the confirmatory statements, of the whole medical staff attached to the hospital. We present it, with the remark, that, however strange it may seem, there can be no question as to its truth, and it seems altogether unaccountable, it should have escaped, hitherto, the researches of medical writers, in this country and GREAT BRITAIN.

HANS SPIEGEN, a native of NORWAY, was admitted into the hospital, at STUTTGARD, on the 15th day of MARCH, 1840; and, was at that time, within two days of being twenty-one years of age. He complained of an intolerable tingling and burning sensation in the hands and feet, together with a growing stiffness in those extremities. The first had been felt for some months; the stiffness was a later affection. On examination, the capillary arteries of the skin were found to be distended, and filled with a dark, brownish blood. Indeed, the whole surface appeared to be of a deep brown colour; but a close inspection showed the colour to remain in the arteries, which seemed like a finely-reticulated tissue, covering the skin. The limbs next above the affected parts, were highly inflamed, so that the line of demarcation between the healthy and unhealthy portions were marked by deep, red bands of about three inches in width passing around each limb, very red next to the diseased part, but on the other side, passing gradually into the natural colour of the skin. This inflammation began to recede from the extremities further up, leaving as it passed the reticulated brown tissue, accompanied with the tingling and burning pain, and paralysis.

In this state of things, embrocations and other local treatment, with a general depletion, having failed to produce any effect, and the toes and fingers having sloughed off, a consultation was held, at which it was determined to amputate the limbs, at such a point above the disease, as to ensure the success of the operation, as an effectual remedy. The amputation was performed, with apparent success, the wounds healed up, and in the course of a few weeks the patient was discharged, having been pronounced to be perfectly cured.

The matter gave rise to some little speculation, from the novelty of the symptoms, but would have been probably forgotten, had not the same patient sought admission from a recurrence of the disease, on the 3d of NOVEMBER following. The patient had been attacked the week before, at the house of his brother-in-law, **IGNATIUS KAUFFNER**, a leather-dresser; and the disease had spread itself with such rapidity in the short time since it had made its appearance, that the arms were covered, as we before described, to within six inches of the shoulders, and the legs to the same distance from the hip-joints. The agony of the patient was evidently intense and terrible; so much so, that his face

was bathed continually in a stream of tears. The ordinary remedies, and even the most desperate applications which science indicated, were uselessly applied. The disease still gained, the pain became if possible more intense; suppuration commenced and continued; and the poor wretch, who thus strangely suffered, could obtain no sleep. A consultation was held, to which all the distinguished members of the profession in the city were summoned; and this resulted much as before. A further amputation, taking off both arms at the shoulder, and both legs at the hips, was resolved on, as affording the only desperate chance.

The patient readily consented to undergo this quadruple operation—which singly would have been sufficiently dangerous, and terrible. It was proposed to perform the operations at intervals, but the patient preferred them to be completed as soon possible, and this request was complied with. He bore the pain attending on it with firmness; but it was noticed that the flesh presented great difficulties to cut through, and that the knives when withdrawn had acquired a wiry edge. Moreover, on taking a fresh catling or amputating knife, for the last operation, it was found difficult to detach it from the flesh, to which it closely adhered. This fact was particularly noted by Dr. SCHILLING, who thereupon requested the knife to be loaned to him, and the mutilated limb to be conveyed to his apartments. His wish was gratified; and the wounds being properly dressed, the patient was left to repose.

The next day found the patient labouring under the usual fever; but evidently in a favourable state. Toward noon, invitations were sent to attend at Dr. SCHILLING's apartments, on business of importance to the profession. It was intimated, in the notes of invitation, that an explanation of the novel case of HANS SPIEGEN would be afforded. Of course, this last inducement caused a general acceptance of the invitation; and at the time designated, every man was punctual to the appointment.

On entering the room, they found the doctor standing behind a table, upon which was displayed various surgical instruments, a large bowl, and the limb which the day before had been taken from HANS SPIEGEN. When the visitors were all seated, the doctor commenced to speak to the following purport.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the case which you have all witnessed, has presented the most extraordinary and apparently inexplicable phenomena. It has doubtless engaged the attention of most of you; and if any of you have discovered its nature, I pray you to say so at once."

Having received no answer to this, the doctor went on.

"Since you all acknowledge ignorance, I will proceed to explain to you the nature of the disease which has afflicted HANS SPIEGEN.

"You are aware that, occasionally, the ossific matter, designed by nature for the increase and reproduction of the bones, becomes misdirected, and lodges in a portion of the heart, or in some other part of the vascular system. This case, although not one of ossification, is one of a similar misdirection of the productive power of the system. Its causes it were idle to attempt to discover—it is enough that I have been enabled to learn the precise nature of the affection.

"The human blood contains, as you know, a per cent. of iron, existing as a carbonate. To this the colour is attributable; so that it is not

found in the white blood, at all. Its particles are necessarily larger than those of the latter, and consequently the blood in a state of health does not enter the minute capillary arteries—the external branches of the system, when they are in a state of health. When through any cause the capillaries enlarge, they admit the red blood; and from the pressure of this larger foreign substance, irritation and subsequent inflammation is the consequence.

“In the case of HANS SPIEGEN, by some course of action, perverted from nature, the capillaries at the end of the extremities became afflicted with this weakness of their coats, and red blood became admitted. This is not at all wonderful. But by a process, most unfathomable, the blood thus entering deposited a portion of its solid matter, filled them up, and, gradually, the larger arteries adjacent. This foreign body, acting as an irritant, caused inflammation; and no remedy reaching the case, suppuration was the consequence. So that you see a complete ferrifaction of the arteries has been going on in the person of HANS SPIEGEN.

“But by far the most wonderful part of this is yet to come. You remember that the knives used in the operation of yesterday were found to have a wiry edge; and one of them adhered tenaciously to the flesh. Consequently the disease has gone in the inner portion of the limbs, and into the body, leaving the certainty that the man will die. The knife was a magnet, as I at once learned; and this inducing a careful examination of the limb before me, I have discovered this more extraordinary fact. All the oxygen and a portion of the carbon of the iron, have passed off—a part combined as carbonic acid gas—while the remaining portion of the carbon combining with the iron, has filled the whole arteries with a body of brittle, but completely defined steel.”

A close examination by all the audience into the limb, confirmed the doctor's statements, and the next day HANS SPIEGEN died.

ART. X.—HER SINGING.

A FAR I stood and listened,
To hear my darling sing—
With every note that heaved her throat,
Her glorious blue eyes glistened—
Pretty thing!

“

The breeze, with will capricious,
Blew fast among the trees—
It drove away the ditty gay,
Whose notes were so delicious—
Wicked breeze!

“

To hide the maiden's singing
It acts a fruitless part;
I hear no words, but like a bird's,
The notes she made are ringing
Through my heart!

ART. XI.—LONGFELLOW'S POEMS. (a)



THE poetical reputation of Mr. LONGFELLOW is, no doubt, in some measure well-deserved; but it may be questioned whether, without the adventitious influence of his social position as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres at HARVARD, and an access of this influence by marriage with an heiress, he would even have acquired his present celebrity—such as it is.

We really feel no little shame in being forced, not into the expression, but into the entertainment of opinions such as these—the only shame we feel in respect to the matter of their expression, is shame for others and not for ourselves—shame that we in the infancy of our journalism, should have been permitted to take the lead in the utterance of a thought so long common with the *litterati* of the land. In no literary circle out of BOSTON—or, indeed, out of the small coterie of abolitionists, transcendentalists and fanatics in general, which is the Longfellow junto—have we heard a seriously dissenting voice on this point. It is universally, in private conversation—out of the knot of rogues and madmen aforesaid—admitted that the poetical claims of Mr. LONGFELLOW have been vastly overrated, and that the individual himself would be esteemed little without the accessories of wealth and position. It is usually said, that he has a sufficient scholarship, a fine taste, a keen appreciation of the beautiful, a happy memory, a happier tact at imitation or transmutation, felicity of phrase and some fancy. A few insist on his imagination—thus proving the extent of their own—and showing themselves to be utterly unread in the old English and modern German literature, to one or other of which, the author of “*Outre Mer*” is unquestionably indebted for whatever imagination or traces of invention his works may display. No phrenologist, indeed, would require to be told that Mr. LONGFELLOW was not the man of genius his

(a) “*Poems on Slavery*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Second edition, Cambridge: Published by John Owen. 1842.” 12mo, pp. 31.

“*Voices of the Night*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Tenth edition. Cambridge: Published by John Owen. 1844.” 12mo, pp. 144.

“*Ballads and other Poems*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, author of ‘*Voices of the Night*,’ ‘*Hyperion*,’ &c. Eighth edition. Cambridge: Published by John Owen. 1844.” 12mo, pp. 132.

“*The Waif*: a collection of Poems.

‘A waif the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claimed as property;
And yet nor his, nor his in equity, but
Yours the waif by high prerogative.’—*The Fairie Queene*.

Second edition. Cambridge. Published by John Owen, 1845.” 12mo, pp. 144.

friends would have us believe him—his head giving no indication of ideality. Nor, when we speak of phrenologists, do we mean to insist on implicit faith in the marvels and inconsistencies of the FOWLERS *et id genus omne*. Common observation, independently of either GALL or SPURZHEIM, would suffice to teach all mankind that very many of the salient points of phrenological science are undisputable truths—whatever falsity may be detected in the principles kindly furnished to the science by hot-headed and asinine votaries. Now, one of these salient points, is the fact that what men term “poetical genius,” and what the phrenologists generally term the organ of ideality, are always found co-existent in the same individual. We should as soon expect to see our old friend, SATAN, presiding at a temperance meeting, as to see a veritable poem—of his own—composed by a man whose head was flattened at the temples, like that of Professor LONGFELLOW. Holding these views, we confess that we were not a little surprised to hear Mr. POE, in a late lecture, on the Poetry of AMERICA, claim for the Professor a pre-eminence over all poets of this country on the score of the “loftiest poetical quality—imagination.” There is no doubt in our minds, that an opinion so crude as this, must arise from a want of leisure or inclination to compare the works of the writer in question with the sources from which they were stolen. A defensive letter written by an unfortunate wight who called himself “OUTIS,” seems to have stirred up the critic to make the proper examination, and we will make an even wager of a pound avoirdupois of nothing against LONGFELLOW’s originality, that the rash opinion would not be given again. The simple truth is, that, whatever may be the talents of Professor LONGFELLOW, he is the GREAT MOGUL of the Imitators. There is, perhaps, no other country than our own, under the sun, in which it would have been possible for him to have attained his present eminence; and no other, certainly, in which, after having attained it by accident or chicanery, he would not have been hurled from it in a very brief period after its attainment.

We have now before us all the collected poems of Mr. LONGFELLOW; and the first question which forces itself upon us as we look at them, is, how much of their success may be attributed to the luxurious manner in which, as merely physical books, they have been presented to the public. Of course we cannot pretend to answer our own question with precision; but that the *physique* has had vast influence upon the *morale*, no reflecting person of common honesty will be willing to deny.

We intend nothing in the shape of digested review; but as the subject has derived great interest of late through a discussion carried on in the pages of “The Broadway Journal,” we propose to turn over these volumes, in a cursory manner, and make a few observations, in the style of the marginal note, upon each one of the poems in each.

The first volume is entitled “Poems on Slavery,” and is intended for the especial use of those negrophilic old ladies of the north, who form so large a part of Mr. LONGFELLOW’s friends. The first of this collection is addressed to WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, the great essayist, and not the very little poet of the same name. There is much force in the concluding line of the succeeding extract:—

"Well done! thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free."

In the second poem—"The Slave's Dream"—there is also a particularly beautiful close to one of the stanzas:—

"At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream."

This is certainly very fine; although we do not exactly understand *what* is like the glorious roll of drums, whether it be the stream, or the various sounds aforesaid. This embarrassment in future will be prevented, if the poet will only affix a note to the next edition, declaring what he does mean, if he know himself.

The third poem—"The Good Part that shall not be taken away"—has two very effective lines:—

"And musical as silver bells
Their falling chains shall be."

The whole poem is in praise of a certain lady, who

"—— was rich and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall
And labored in her lands."

No doubt, it is a very commendable and very comfortable thing, in the Professor, to sit at ease in his library chair, and write verses instructing the southerners how to give up their all with a good grace, and abusing them if they will not; but we have a singular curiosity to know how much of his own, under a change of circumstances, the Professor himself would be willing to surrender. Advice of this character looks well only in the mouth of those who have entitled themselves to give it, by setting an example of the self-sacrifice.

The fourth is "The Slave in the Dismal Swamp." This is a shameless medley of the grossest misrepresentation. When did Professor LONGFELLOW ever *know* a slave to be hunted with bloodhounds in the DISMAL SWAMP? Because he has heard that runaway slaves are so treated in CUBA, he has certainly no right to change the locality, and by insinuating a falsehood in lieu of a fact, charge his countrymen with barbarity. What makes the matter worse, he is one of those who insist upon truth as one of the elements of poetry.

The fifth—"The Slave singing at midnight," embodies some good and novel rhymes,—for example—

"In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist."

"Angel" and "evangel," however, are inadmissible because identical—just as "excision" and "circumcision" would be—that is to say:

the ear, instead of being gratified with a variation of a sound—the principle of rhyme—is positively displeased by its bare repetition. The commencement of the rhyming words, or—equally—of the rhyming portions of words, must always be different.

The sixth is "The witnesses," and is exceedingly feeble throughout. We cannot conceive how any artist could in two distinct stanzas of so brief a poem, admit such a termination as "witnesses"—rhyming it too with "abyss."

The seventh, "The Quadroon Girl," is the old abolitionist story—worn threadbare—of a slaveholder selling his own child—a thing which may be as common in the South as in the East, is the infinitely worse crime of making matrimonial merchandise—or even less legitimate merchandise—of one's daughter.

The eighth—"The Warning," contains at least one stanza of absolute truth—as follows.

"There is a poor, blind Sampson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of the common weal,
Till the vast temple of our Liberties,
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."

One thing is certain:—if this prophecy be *not* fulfilled, it will be through no lack of incendiary doggrel on the part of Professor LONGFELLOW and his friends. We dismiss this volume with no more profound feeling than that of contempt.

The next volume we have is—"The Voices of the Night." "The Prelude," in this, is indistinct, but contains some noble passages. For example:—

A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of innumerable wings,
As when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow lake and stream.

And again:

The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise.

The last stanza commences with a plagiarism from Sir PHILIP SIDNEY:

Look then into thine heart and write!

In the "Astrophel and Stella" we find it thus:—"Foole, said then my muse unto me, looke into thy heart and write!" The versification of the *Prelude* is weak, if not exactly erroneous:—we allude especially to the peultimate verse of each stanza.

The "Hymn to the Night" is one of the best of Mr. Longfellow's poems. There is a very inartistical fluctuation of thought, however, in the opening quotation:

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble Halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

In the first two lines, the Night is personified as a woman in trailing garments passing through a marble palace: in the third and fourth by the use of the epithet "celestial" we are brought back to the real or unpersonified Night—and this too only in an imperfect manner, for the "sable skirts" of the personified Night are still retained. This vacillation pervades the whole poem and seriously injures its effect. Speaking of the first quatrain—what are we to understand by the notes of admiration at the closes of the second and fourth lines? They are called for by no rhetorical rules, and seem to be meant as expressive merely of the Professor's own admiration of his own magnificence. The concluding stanza is majestic, but liable to misapprehension upon a first reading. The "Peace! Peace!" of the first line will be mistaken by nine readers out of ten for an injunction of silence, rather than an invocation of the divinity, Peace. An instance occurs in this poem of Mr. LONGFELLOW's strong tendency to imitation:—so strong, indeed, that he not unfrequently imitates himself. He here speaks of "the sounds of sorrow and delight" that "fill the chambers of the Night," and just before, in the *Prelude*, he has

"All forms of sorrow and delight
All solemn voices of the Night."

"A Psalm of Life," is German throughout, in manner and spirit, and otherwise is chiefly remarkable for its containing one of the most palpable plagiarisms ever perpetrated by an author of equal character. We allude to the well-known lines:

"Art is long and time is fleeting
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Mr. LONGFELLOW has, unfortunately, derived from these very lines, a *full half* of his poetical reputation. But they are by no means his own—the first line being an evident translation of the well-known Latin sentence—

"Ars longa, vita brevis"—

and the remaining part pillaged from an old English writer. Mr. POE first detected this. It appears that in "HEADLEY's collection of old British Ballads," there is to be found, "An Exequy on the death of his wife, by HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester," and in this Exequy the following verses:

"But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach—tells thee I come—
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee."

Dr. KING is here speaking of soon following his wife *to the grave*. We have thus, in each poem, the identical ideas of a pulse (or heart)—of its beating like a drum—like a soft (or muffled) drum—of its beating a march; and of its beating a march to the grave:—all this identity of idea expressed in identical phraseology, and all in the compass of four lines. Now it was the seeming *originality* of this fine image which procured for it so wide a popularity in the lines of LONGFELLOW;

we presume, then, that not even the most desperate friends of his fine fortune, will attempt to defend him on the ground of this image's being one which would naturally arise in the mind of every poet—the common cant of those interested in the justification of a plagiarism. In larcenies of this kind it will always be found that an improvement is effected in externals—that is to say in point, flow of diction, etc., while there is a deterioration of the original in the higher merits of freshness, appositeness, and application of the thought to the general subject. How markedly is all this observable in the present instance!

"The Reaper and the Flowers" has nothing in it beyond common thoughts very gracefully expressed.

"The Light of Stars," opens with a very singularly silly stanza:

"The night is come, but not too soon,
And, sinking silently,
All silently, the *little* moon
Drops down behind the sky."

Why *will* Mr. Longfellow persist in supposing that *ly* is a rhyme for sky?—why will he adhere to a conventionality, which has no meaning whatever? And what does he propose to himself in calling the moon *little*? The far-fetchedness of the phrase becomes at once obvious when we consider that *all* men agree in being struck with the apparent *increase* in the size of the setting moon. The first man who ever talked of its littleness under such circumstances is Professor LONGFELLOW himself:—here at least and at last is he original.

"Footsteps of Angels." Mr. POE, in his late *exposé*, has given some very decisive instances of what he too modestly calls *imitations* on the part of Mr. LONGFELLOW from himself (Mr. Poe.) Here is one, however, which he has overlooked:

"And, like *phantoms* grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall."

In a poem called "The Sleeper," by E. A. POE, and which we first saw a great many years ago in the "Southern Literary Messenger," we have a distinct recollection of these lines:

"The wanton airs from the tree-top
Laughingly through the lattice drop,
And wave this crimson canopy
So fitfully—so fearfully—
Above the closed and fringed lid
Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
That o'er the floor and down the wall
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall."

"Flowers"—is merely a weak amplification of the idea of a German poet, that flowers are the stars of earth. The versification is of a bad class, and of its class, bad.

"The Beleaguered City" was published in the "Southern Literary Messenger" just about six weeks after the appearance in Brooks' "Museum" (a five-dollar Baltimore Monthly) of Mr. POE's "Haunted Palace," and is a palpable imitation of the latter in matter and manner. Mr. LONGFELLOW's title is, indeed, merely a paraphrase of Mr. POE's.

"The Beleaguered City" is designed to imply a mind beset with lunatic fancies; and this is, identically, the intention of "The Haunted Palace." Mr. LONGFELLOW says, speaking of a "broad *valley*" that in it,

"— an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul,
Encamped beside Life's rushing *stream*
In Fancy's mystic light
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night."

Mr. POE says:

"And travellers, now, within that *valley*,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a *ghastly rapid river*
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more."

The "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" is a singular admixture of CORDELIA's death scene in "LEAR" and TENNYSON's "Death of the Old Year." A more palpable plagiarism was never committed. At the time of the original publication of Professor LONGFELLOW's poem, TENNYSON, was comparatively unknown, and we believe that no collection of his works had ever been reprinted in this country." The "Midnight Mass" concludes the later poems of the "Voices of the Night," which are noticeable, in general, as imitative of the German poetry, or of poetry imbued with the German spirit. The rest of the volume is occupied with "Earlier Poems" and "Translations." Of these the former are BRYANT, and nothing beyond. They were written in the author's youth, before his acquaintance with German Letters—and yet it was necessary that he should imitate something. In minds such as his, this imitation is, indeed, as imperious a necessity as any animal function.

"An April Day" has nothing observable *beyond* the obvious imitation of the American model.

"Autumn" might absolutely be read *through*, in mistake for BRYANT's "Thanatopsis." The similarity of conclusion in the two poems is so close as to carry with it an air of parody. Mr. BRYANT says:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Mr. LONGFELLOW says:

"To him the wind, aye and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings,
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear."

We do not like to be ill-natured; but when one gentleman's purse is found in another gentleman's pocket, how did it come there?

"Woods in Winter" is insipid, and totally thoughtless.

"The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns" is school-boyish in the extreme.

"Sunrise on the Hills" is only remarkable for another instance of palpable imitation:

"I heard the distant waters dash
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly by the blue lake's silver beach, etc."

Every body must remember the lines of the "Prisoner of Chillon:"

"— the wide long lake below
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow,
I heard the torrent leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush—
I saw the white-wall'd distant town," etc.

"The Spirit of Poetry" contains some fine thoughts—for example:

"— where the silver brook
From its full laver pours the white cascade,
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter."

And again:

"Groves through whose broken roof the sky looks in—
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains—and mighty trees
*In many a lazy syllable repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.*"

Both of these examples, however, are disfigured with that vulgar poetic solecism—the endeavour to elevate objects of natural grandeur by likening them to the mere works of man. The grove has a "broken roof"; and the brook pours the cascade from a "laver."

"Burial of the Minnisink." There is nothing about it to distinguish it from a thousand other similar things.

The Translations commence with "Coplas de Manrique" from the Spanish—and this again with the line

"O let the soul her slumbers break!
Let thought be quickened and awake,
Awake to see,
How soon," &c.

And this, we presume, is what Mr. LONGFELLOW calls original translation. We have at this moment, some verses ringing in our ears whose whereabouts we cannot call to memory—but no doubt there are many of our readers who can. They are nearly identical, however, with Mr. Longfellow's lines both in words, rhyme, metre and arrangement of stanza. They begin thus:

"O let the soul its slumber break
* * * * * and awake
To see how soon,"
Etc. etc.

If we are not mistaken they are quoted in some of the Notes to POPE's:

"Arise my St. JOHN, leave all meaner things."

"The Good Shepherd," from LOPE DE VEGA, has "nothing in it." In the same category is "To-morrow," from the same—"The Native Land," from FRANCISCO DE ALDANA—"The Image of God," from the same—and "The Brook," from the Spanish:—these pieces seem to have been translated with no other object than to show that Mr. LONGFELLOW could translate. "The Celestial Pilot"—"The Terrestrial Paradise," and "Beatrice," from DANTE, strike us as by no means equal to CARY. These pieces abound also, in sheer affectations. Were Mr. LONGFELLOW asked *why* he employed "withouten" and other words of that kind, what reasonable answer could he make?

"Spring," from the French of CHARLES D'ORLEANS, is utterly worthless as a poem:—of its merits as a translation we are not prepared to speak, never having seen the original. One thing, however, is quite certain, the versification is *not* translated. The French have no such metre or rhythm.

"The Child Asleep," from the French, is particularly French.

"The Grave," from the Anglo Saxon, is forcible—but the metre is mere prose, and, of course, should not have been retained.

"King Christian," from the Danish, has force.

"The Happiest Land," from the German, is mere common place.

"The Wave," from TIEDGE, contains one thought, but that is scarcely worth the page it occupies.

"The Dead," from KLOPSTOCK, is nothing.

"The Bird and the Ship," from MÜLLER, is pure inanity.

"Whither," from the same, is worse, if possible.

"Beware" is still worse—possible or not. We never saw a more sickening thing in a book.

"The Song of the Bell," has no business with a title which calls up the recollection of what is really meritorious.

"The Castle by the Sea," from UHLAND, should have been rendered "The Castle *Over* the Sea." The whole dark suggestion of the poem is lost by the mis-translation. The force of the original throughout is greatly impaired by the milk and water of the version.

"The Black Knight," from the same is merely a German bugaboo story of the common kind, with no particular merit.

"The Song of the Silent Land," from SALIS, has merely the merit of a suggestive title, the repetition of which at the close of each stanza is the one good point.

The volume ends with "L'Envoi," a most affected, far-fetched, and altogether contemptible imitation, or parody, of the worst mannerisms of the Germans.

The next volume we have is—"Ballads and other Poems," which we note in the order of their succession.

"The Skeleton in Armor" is one of the best poems of LONGFELLOW; if not indeed his very best. It has the merits of directness and simplicity, and is besprinkled with vigorous thought tersely expressed. Its versification would be monotonous, did it not at points become so radically defective as to change into prose, as for example:

"Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story—"
 Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened—"
 "Many the hearts that bled
By our stern orders—"
 "Came a dull voice of woe
For this I sought thee."
 "Saw we old Hildebrand
With twenty horsemen—"
 "Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?"
 etc. etc. etc.

These were meant to be Dactyls—but have degenerated into such a mixture of these, with Anapests, Trochees and Iambies, as to make quite decent prose, and nothing more.

"The Wreck of the Hesperus" has some remarkably spirited passages, but what can justify any man, to-day, in the use of *daughter*, and *sailor*?

"The Luck of Edenthall" is a capital translation of one of UHLAND'S best romances.

"The Elected Knight," from the Danish, is meant to prove, we presume, the Professor's acquaintance with the literature of HARDI-KNUTE.

"The Children of the Lord's Supper," from TEGNER, is remarkable for nothing but its demonstration of the Professor's ignorance of the Greek and Roman Hexameters, which he here *professes* to imitate—the "inexorable hexameter," as he calls it. It is only inexorable to those who do not comprehend its elements. Here mere pedantry will carry a man very little way—and Professor LONGFELLOW has no head for analysis. Most of his hexameters are pure prose, and, if written to the eye as such, would not be distinguished from prose by any human being. Some of them have a remarkable resemblance to the hexameters of COLERIDGE. For example: COLERIDGE says:

"Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
 Wandered bleating in valleys and warbled on blossoming branches."

LONGFELLOW says:

"Clear was the Heaven and blue, and May with her cap crowned with roses,
 Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
 Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace, with lips rosy-tinted
 Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches,"
 etc. etc. etc.

"The Village Blacksmith" is a mere Hood-ism—nothing more.

"Endymion" has some well expressed common-places. For example:

"No one is so accursed by Fate,
 No one so utterly desolate
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own."

When we speak of expression, here, we must not be understood as com-

mending the versification, which is wretched. We should like to hear Professor LONGFELLOW—or any one else—scan

“But some heart, though unknown, etc.”

“The Two Locks of Hair,” from the German of Pfizer, should have remained in the original.

“It is not always May.” The whole point of this effusion lies in the title.

“The Rainy Day.” The whole point of this, lies in the repetition of “the day is dark and dreary.”

“God’s-Acre.” Here we find one of those utterly insoluble knots of imagery which are Mr. LONGFELLOW’S forte. What is any man to make of

“Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own?”

Seeds (which are not seeds, but bread,) are garnered in a heart, and sown in a grave, by the persons who garnered it, and who having sown it (although it was as much bread as seed) lost possession of it thenceforward;—this is a literal rendition of the whole matter into prose—and a beautifully lucid thing it is.

“To the River Charles” is what its author calls it—“an idle song.”

“Blind Bartimeus” is only *Zoe mou sas agapo* over again.

“The Goblet of Life” is terse and well versified.

“Maidenhood” is a graceful little poem, spoilt by its didacticism, and by the awkward, monotonous and grossly artificial character of its versification.

“Excelsior” has one fine thought in its conclusion:

And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star.

The third volume, is called “The Spanish Student.” As a poem, it is meritorious at points—as a drama it is one of the most lamentable failures. It has several sparkling passages—but little vigor—and, as a matter almost of course, not a particle of originality. Indeed it professes to be taken, *in part*, from the “Gitanilla” of CERVANTES. *In part*, also, it is taken from “Politian, a fragmentary Drama, by EDGAR A. POE,” published in the second volume of the SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:—no acknowledgment, however, is made in the latter instance. The *imitation* is one of the most impudent ever known. In both cases a young and beautiful woman is sitting at table with books and flowers. In both cases there is a pert serving maid:—in both the lady reads aloud:—in both what she reads is poetry:—in both it is of a plaintive character in consonance with the sorrow of the reader:—in both the reader makes application of what is read to her own case:—in both she frequently calls on the maid:—who, in both, refuses to answer:—in both there is a quarrel about jewels:—in both a third person enters unseen behind: and lastly in both the lady reiterates the word “begone!” and draws a dagger. But the palpability of the plagiar-

ism can be fully understood only by those who read and compare the two poems. "The "Southern Literary Messenger," indeed, seems to have been the great store-house whence the Professor has derived most of his contraband goods.

The last volume to be noticed, is "The Waif." This is noticeable solely on the ground of the "Præm," which is the only one of his acknowledged compositions it contains—but one which is, perhaps, upon the whole, the best which he has written. It is remarkably easy, graceful, and plaintive, while its versification seems to be accidentally meritorious. Nothing is more clear indeed than that *all* the merit of the Professor on this score is accidental. He knows less than nothing of the principles of verse.

Since the issue of "Ballads and other Poems" he has written several things for "Graham's Magazine," and among others "The Belfry of Bruges"—but let any person inquisitive as to Mr. LONGFELLOW's pretensions to originality, merely take the trouble to compare the lines in question with certain stanzas entitled "The Chimes of Antwerp," published in "Graham's Magazine" for April, 1841. "The Belfry of Bruges" is the number for January, 1843.

In the "New York Mirror," Mr. POE concluded a notice of "The Waif" in the following words:

"There does appear in this little volume a very careful avoidance of all American poets who may be supposed especially to interfere with the claims of Mr. Longfellow. These men Mr. Longfellow can continually *imitate* (is that the word?) and yet never even incidentally commend."

To which one of the Professor's Boston friends makes answer thus:

"It has been asked, perhaps, why LOWELL was neglected in this collection. Might it not as well be asked why BRYANT, DANA, and HALLECK were neglected! The answer is obvious to any one who candidly considers the object of the collection. It professed to be, according to the Præm, from the humbler poets; and it was intended to embrace pieces that were anonymous or which were not easily accessible to the general reader—the *waifs* and *estrays* of literature."

The rejoinder to all this is obvious. If LOWELL was omitted on these grounds why was not HORACE SMITH, omitted on the same?—and BROWNING—and SHELLEY—and A. C. COXE—and HOOD—and MONTGOMERY—and EMERSON—and MARVEL—and W. G. CLARK—and PIERPONT and five or six others? The fact is, none of these gentlemen "interfered with Mr. LONGFELLOW's claims"—but LOWELL *did*. He was a rising poet in Mr. LONGFELLOW's own school—own manner—a Bostonian—a neighbor.

It is possible, however, that Mr. POE's allusions were not to Mr. LOWELL, but to himself; and, if so, who shall venture to blame him? He might have thought it no more than justice on the part of LONGFELLOW, to give a place in "The Waif" to that "Haunted Palace," for example, of which he had shown so flattering an admiration as to purloin everything that was worth purloining about it.

It is, indeed, for that whereas, Mr. LONGFELLOW has stolen so much from Mr. POE, that we have alluded so much to the *exposé* of the latter; for it appeared to us, our course was but just. The latter, driven to it by a silly letter of Mr. LONGFELLOW's friends, has exposed the knavery

of the Professor, and any one who reads the "Broadway Journal," will acknowledge he has done it well.

There are other plagiarisms of Mr. LONGFELLOW which we might easily expose; but we have said enough. There can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any, out of the little clique, to which we at first alluded, that the author of "Outre Mer," is not only a servile imitator, but a most insolent literary thief. Commencing his literary life he began, struck with his quiet style, to imitate BRYANT. As he pored over the pages of the Spanish, and then of the great Northern writers, his imitation took a new direction. Soon, to save labor, he began to filch a little here and a little there—some straw to make his bricks, something to temper his own heavy clay. Finding he was not detected, he stole with more confidence, until stealing became habit, and so second nature. At this time we doubt whether he could write without helping himself to the ideas and style of other people. Indeed, if he were by chance to perpetrate an original idea, he would be as much astonished as the world around; and would go about cackling and "making a fuss in general," like a little bantam hen, who by a strange freak of nature, had laid a second egg on the same day.

ART. XII.—THE KING OF THE TREES.

SING, if you please, to the good gallows tree,
So leafless and barkless and straight though it be.
It is grown by the hammer, the nail and the saw,
And nourished with care by the church and the law.
Sing, if you please, to the king of the trees,
Whose fruit gaily dangles and swings in the breeze.

"

Many the trees that are fruitless and bare,
Though planted with judgment and tended with care;
But so long as the clergy shall aid us, I ween,
The gallows tree fruitless shall never be seen.
Growing its fruit, from a sturdy cross shoot—
Its fruit is a man who must die like a brute.

"

Trees that are common bear fruit all the time,
And the world never notes it in essay or rime;
But the gallows deserves a most musical lay,
Its fruit-bearing time is a festival day.
Sure we may hope to use jingle and trope,
When a felon beats time at the end of a rope.

"

Sing, brothers all, with a hearty good will,
To the three bits of timber that stand on the hill;
For they cause the good clergyman feelings of pride,
While KETCH gets a job and ten dollars beside.
Sing, if you please, to the king of the trees,
Who gives the folks fun, and the hangman his fees.

ART. XIII.—HON. GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS.



THE Honorable GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS, now Vice President of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, is the second son of the late ALEXANDER JAMES DALLAS, so well known as an eminent statesman, and as the chief of the United States Treasury Department, during a most interesting period of our national history. He was born in the city of PHILADELPHIA, on the 10th of JULY, 1792; and is consequently at this time, in the 53d year of his age. A portion of his baptismal name is derived from his god-father, General THOMAS MIFFLIN, at that time governor of PENNSYLVANIA, under whose administration the elder DALLAS was secretary of the commonwealth.

The elder brother of Mr. DALLAS, named after the father, was the gallant post-captain in the navy, not long since deceased. The younger, is the present respected and able Judge DALLAS, of PITTSBURGH. The family of the DALLAS's is one of highly respectable English extraction, connected with several highly distinguished persons; among the rest the late Chief Justice DALLAS, and the poet Lord BYRON.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, Mr. DALLAS enrolled himself in a volunteer corps; but his military aspirations, under the control of circumstances, were changed; for after being admitted to the bar, he was selected by the venerable ALBERT GALLATIN, then our commissioner abroad, as his private secretary. He accompanied that celebrated diplomatist and statesman to RUSSIA, and thence, in 1814, to GHENT, where he remained, we believe, until the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, and His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, of GREAT BRITAIN.

After his return, he resumed the practice of his profession, marrying in 1816, and soon became known as a promising lawyer and able advocate. His great talents, as well as his devotion to the principles and measures of the Democratic party, drew upon him the attention of his fellow citizens, who insisted on bestowing him a token of their confidence and regard, by electing him to a public station. Despite of his evident desire to adhere to his professional duties, he was obliged to accept the nomination of the Democratic electors, and in October, 1828, he was elected Mayor of the city of PHILADELPHIA. This position he did not long retain, being appointed in 1829, by President JACKSON, Attorney of the UNITED STATES, for the Eastern District of PENNSYLVANIA.

From this latter position he was translated to another sphere of action; being elected by the legislature of his native state to the United States Senate, for the unexpired term of Mr. BARNARD. He served with distinguished ability, in the august body to which he had been chosen, until the expiration of his term of office, when he declined a re-election.

He was then appointed by Governor WOLF, Attorney-General of the State.

Until 1836, engaged as he was in the performance of his legal duties, his name though honourably held in remembrance, was not much before the people. But, in JULY, of that year, he published his celebrated letter to the people of PENNSYLVANIA, proposing a repeal of the charter of the United States Bank, of the State, by the convention which was to assemble in 1837. This letter, contending in marked and remarkable language for the power of the convention to make the proposed abrogation, was met, with the strongest opposition, by the partizans of the Bank. Its author was denounced to public odium as a Jacobin; and assailed with a ferocity scarcely preceded. But the position he assumed, and the correct view he took of the nature of the charter and the powers of the convention, were in strict consonance with law and equity, and fully sustained by the plain interpretation of our fundamental code of laws. At that time it was thought heretical, to speak against the inherent sovereignty of banks, each of whom deemed its charter to be an irrevocable contract, between the stockholders and the State, instead of a mere revocable trust, as it really is.

After the accession of Mr. VAN BUREN, in 1837, the first nominations he sent to the Senate, were those of Mr. POINSETT and Mr. DALLAS, the former as Secretary at War, the latter as Envoy to RUSSIA. Mr. DALLAS accepted the appointed trust, and for two years represented this country, at the Court of ST. PETERSBURGH. In 1839, he returned, and resumed the practice of the law, remaining quietly among his fellow citizens, until he was nominated and elected to his present station, in the autumn of 1844.

We have thus briefly recounted some of the prominent incidents in the life of the Vice President. It may be also mentioned, in passing, that he has always been in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has been recently re-elected to the office of vestryman in St. Stephen's Church, of PHILADELPHIA—an office to which he has been annually chosen for twenty years.

In his politics, the Vice President is of the PENNSYLVANIA school; but though thoroughly devoted to his native State, he has never in his conduct shown a forgetfulness of his duties as a citizen of the confederacy. Ever foremost to defend the rights of PENNSYLVANIA, he has never asked for more than a proportion of the blessings of wise legislation; and he holds as a paramount duty, the preservation of that Union, on whose perpetuity our liberties depend.

As an orator, the characteristics of his style are force, clearness and argument. His force never degenerates to rant, his clearness to tedium, nor his argument to sophistry. His gestures are few, but graceful and appropriate. His voice has a metallic and silvery sound, and his periods are emphatic and rounded, without too much brevity. There is an earnestness about his manner, which combined with his fine personal appearance, and the truth stamped on his features—or as SAMUEL HOOD, of PHILADELPHIA, himself an able counsellor, phrases it, "his physical eloquence"—renders his oratory highly effective. We remember, that, when he was a prosecuting attorney in the courts, convictions after

which he never unduly sought, followed his efforts; and the guilty, against whom he preferred charges, never escaped. The goodness and candour which beamed from his features, impressed the jury favourably when he rose; and the impression was maintained in its full force until the close of its case. The pure principles of the law, acquired by patient study, and well-digested in the crucible of his clear intellect, which he applies to the case; the close analysis of the testimony; the choice, pure and unaffected language; the distinct, clear and audible enunciation; and the grace and simple dignity of his gestures, gain him a credence and respect no where surpassed. As a speaker, he is effective—as a lawyer, profound.

The private character of the Vice President is beyond suspicion of wrong; and the benevolence and kindness which mark his features, are indexes to his possession of the qualities they denote. His liberality of feeling, his candour and his patriotism have gained for him the respect of his fellow citizens, the esteem of his brethren at the bar, and the confidence and favour of the judges on the bench.

Mr. DALLAS is above the medium height; slender, but finely proportioned; with manly features; of a graceful and erect carriage. His long, profuse white hair imparts a venerable appearance to his face, which is heightened by his quiet, simple and dignified manner. He still toils at his arduous profession; and the stranger who meets a fine old gentleman of the courtly school, in the street, and struck with his appearance, inquires his name of some passer, is startled and delighted to learn, that the object of his respectful curiosity is the Vice President of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ART. XIV.—A DEATH-SONG.

THE world is grand and many-hilled, a brave, old dwelling place;
The woods, the floods, the earth and air, are filled with light and grace.
Yet, what avails such beauty, if the darkness hide the sky—
I am weary, very weary—let me lay me down and die.

“

The flowers were born of yesterday, the primal day of SPRING,
And nothing do, since first they came, but flaunt their leaves and sing.
Yet what avails their singing, if they catch no happy eye—
I am weary, very weary—let me lay me down and die.

“

The pretty little birds I love are chirping on the trees;
The wanton melody they make is dancing in the breeze.
Yet what avails such music, if the tempest waxeth high—
I am weary, very weary—let me lay me down and die.

“

My lover, he was kind to me, and true to me beside;
And we were to be married on the very day he died.
Yet what avails his fondness, if sepulchred he must lie—
I am very much awery—let me lay me down and die.

ART. XV.—SHOOD-SWING: A TALE OF THE PIGTAILS.

IT was mid-day in the court of the great SHOOD-SWING, the brother of the Sun, the first cousin on the mother's side to the Moon, and the Emperor of all the terrestrial Celestials. The monarch himself sat upon his throne with his legs crossed, his arms folded and his brow knit. His long and pendant mustaches, and his immense, imperial pigtail, ornamented with costly gems, and matted with threads of gold, quivered in painful thought. The court was silent, awaiting with a proper degree of respect, the speech of their august, and gusty-tempered master. At length the potential personage descended from the throne, and taking a good hold of his majestical petticoats in his left hand, lest they might trip him up, commenced to traverse the apartment with as much speed as his bulk would permit. As he reached the eastern side of the presence-chamber, the officers in waiting flourished their hands and bobbed their heads in the most reverential manner. When he returned to the western side, the ceremony was performed there also; and so for a length of time, which the best authorities set down as twenty-nine minutes and forty-two seconds, did the great SHOOD-SWING pace the hall, between the rows of his head-bobbing and hand-flourishing servants.

Suddenly the Emperor spoke. "SING-DUM!" cried he, "bring your trotters in this direction."

The mute reverentially obeyed, and stood awaiting his orders, with his hands crossed on his breast and his eyes cast down.

"Curse you," said the irritable monarch, "what do you stand there for, without a word. Why the deuce don't you speak?"

The mute put his finger to his mouth, to intimate his cruel loss of speech.

"Don't I know it," snarled SHOOD SWING, "do you think I'm a fool?" The mute said nothing in reply, being prudent enough to keep the remainder of his tongue beneath his gums—he had no teeth—and his master continued: "Summon the learned physician, GIN-SENG to our presence." The mandate was obeyed as a matter of course, from pure love, as well as from fear that in case of refusal the neck of the offender might be twisted as the cooks of the FAN-QUI^(a) twist the necks of their domestic fowls. The physician made his appearance, and performed the kow-to, with so much fervour, that the crack in his skull became rather wider than usual.

"GIN-SENG, of the silver pigtail!" said the monarch, "I am as sick as a subject; my fat is daily departing; and I have a fit of the foodledobs. Is there any pill or potion which can relieve me?"

"Yes, your majesty," answered the leech, "there is a famous pill used by the fan-qui, and a potion likewise. The potion is an exceedingly pleasant medicine, of a most rare fragrance."

"Name it."

"Rum!"

(a) Literally "white devils;" an affectionate term applied by the "natives" of China, to the "outside barbarians."

"Grave and learned physician, my soul honours thee. Hand us out a horn!"

The physician produced an oddly-wrought flask of China-ware, curiously inlaid with silver, and ornamented with precious stones.

The monarch grasped it.

The monarch pressed it to his lips.

A stillness settled down and enveloped the court; but it was interrupted by the gurgling noise which the liquor made in travelling down the throat of the thirsty SHOOD-SWING. This sound finally ceased, for the flask had changed to an exhausted receiver; and his majesty taking the vessel from the lips, handed it to the elegant specimen of the healing profession who stood before him and demanded more.

"Not a drop," answered GIN-SENG, carefully inverting the flask to give credibility to the assertion. "But NUN-SLAE, the brave general of the forces, has a supply."

"Fork it over!" said the Emperor, imperiously. The high officer addressed, manifested some hesitation, which his master dissipated by a box on the ear. Recalled to a sense of his duty, he at once gave the Emperor a box, containing a jug of the inestimable liquid.

"NUN-SLAE!" exclaimed the sovereign, "thou art a traitor! Thou art worse than a nudhl.(a) I should in strict justice, strangle thee—thee and thy relatives, thy man servants and thy maid servants, as well as thy dogs, thy wives, thy donkies, and thy other domestic animals. But the eye of mercy squints leniently towards thee. Thou hast been a great general amongst us—thou hast been among the Celestials as famous as DJAK-SUN(b) among the barbarians; and so I spare thee. But as a terrible token of my vengeance, and as a warning to all future offenders, I feel it my duty to drink thy rum. Here goes!" With the last word, the position of the flask was changed, and its contents made to follow its kindred spirit.

The face of his majesty flushed, his eyes brightened, and his appearance presented all the marks of incipient intoxication. At that moment, a voice, coming from no spot in particular, filled the apartment with strange words.

"Wael, I kalkelate you'd better stop, you cussed ill-nater'd old critter. The way you're a swillin' down the black-strap is a caution to snakes. You had oughter jine a Tetotal Society."

Priests, mandarins, mutes and Emperor gave one start of unfeigned astonishment.

"The gods of the fan-qui hath spoken," exclaimed the high-priest; and the entire assembly, overcome by sudden fear, stood like statues in the chamber. But no further sound being made, the audience soon recovered from their consternation, and the monarch wriggling on his easy chair, spoke to So-slo, the carrier of the court. "So-slo!" said he, "I have an errand to entrust thee with. Fifteen years since I lost my eldest and favorite son, SKOWN-DREL, then a little child. In the plenitude of my anguish, I offered death to the thief, and to his relatives

(a) Quere!—noodle?

(b) Alluding probably to the good old sage of the Hermitage, whose fame has travelled far eastward.

down to the fifty-third degree. But so long a time having elapsed, and being naturally of a merciful disposition—”

Here a smile was visible on the face of NUN-SLAE. The wrath of SHOOD SWING awoke, and he ordered the offender to be bamboosed, which was instantly done, to the great edification of the by-standers. This pleasant little act of justice being completed, the Emperor continued his remarks.

“Proclaim throughout the world, and even to the outer barbarians, that the lord of the Earth, brother to the Sun, and cousin, by the mother’s side to the Moon, issueth an edict. If the offender restores my long-lost son, he shall be hanged himself, and his relatives shall not be harmed. No doubt he will hasten to avail himself of our mercy. A special edict. Tremble! So-SLO, mizzle (*a*) about your business.” He waved his hand, and the courier departed on his mission.

“The court is dissolved,” said the Emperor, emphatically, “for I am nearly dissolved myself. Carry me out!” and the attendants raising two sticks, obeyed his command. The court followed after, and in a few minutes no one but NUN-SLAE remained in the apartment.

“By the nose of Fo! By the toes of FUM! By the corns of CON-FUCIUS!” exclaimed the enraged general, whose wrath, increased by a half-hour’s silence, now burst forth, like steam from an escape-pipe,—“the bamboo to me! Was it for this I headed the troops in the engagement with venders of the burning drink, the potent GIN-SLING and KOK-TAEL? Was it for this, I saved the whole army, in our last engagement with the Tartars, by showing ’em the quickest mode of escape? Was it for this that, singled-handed and alone, I rescued four-and twenty of his majesty’s guards from the hands of three infuriated fish-women, whose stalls they had attempted to remove.^(b) By my pig-tail, I will have vengeance deep, dark and terrible.” With this fearful and menacing speech, he made his exit by the door the chamber.

The silence which brooded in the halls of royalty, was broken by the rustling of the silken hangings of the apartment. From behind a portion a head cautiously protruded, while the eyes which belonged to it, grey, small and piercing, peered anxiously around the apartment. Satisfied with the scrutiny, the form followed the face, and the intruder stood, with evident self-satisfaction, upon the marble floor. The individual thus entering was about six feet, in height, of a slender formation, and dressed in a costume neither Chinese nor European. His legs were garnished with trowsers of muslin, evidently too short for their wearer, and revealing at the lower ends a pair of blue woollen stockings, and feet of goodly dimensions covered with cowhide boots. His coat or tunic was large, loose, and formed of light nankeen stuff, without any buttons. His throat was bare, with the exception of a black silk handkerchief tied loosely around it in nautical style; and his head was covered with a broad brimmed Chinese hat.

(*a*) “Mizzle” is a word of evident American origin; but is freely used by the Celestials; and means literally “depart!”

(*b*) The corporation of New York attempted the same business with the apple-women. *Vide* George Washington Dixon’s History of the Applewomen war, published by the Harpers.

"Waell!" said the new comer, "I dew declare, if the critters haven't cut stick, right off the reel. Oh! Jehosaphat! this is the dod rotted-est country, that ever a man did hearn tell on. I've ben travellin' from the mouth of the river clear up to PEKIN, walkin' about among these natives, with nothin' on airth to pay my passage, except a pocket full of ginseng. Jest to think of my comin' out to this place, in my little sloop, with brother SETH for mate, and a big dog for crew, and frightenin' a hull lot of these silly critters. Oh! Jehosaphat! what would PRUDENCE JONES say, if she could only see me now. Hello! here comes some of the women critters."

The Yankee retired behind a portion of the hangings, and the lady, a beautiful young creature, of about fifteen, entered the apartment. She was the daughter of the deceased brother of the Emperor, and to her praise many a native poet had tuned his lyre. From the very BYRONS among the Chinese bards down to the TUCKERMANS, all had concurred in lauding her beauty, comparing her to the tea tree, the full moon, the silk worm, and other favorite tokens of perfection. Moreover, and this might have tended to increase their enthusiasm, she was said to lead the Celestial monarch, himself, by the nose, in quite a terrestrial fashion. RETURN PIGSNORT, for such was the name of our hero, had by this time recovered the use of his faculties, which had been spell-bound by the appearance of the lady, and he advanced to speak. On seeing him, the Princess stopped short, and seemed inclined to leave the room; but the good-natured look of the Yankee, and considerable curiosity, reassured her; and she waited to hear what the intruder might say.

"Beautiful weather, Miss," said he, with a very profound geneffluxion, "but not quite as good lookin' as you, by a derved sight. I guess you aint the fat old man's daughter, that run out jest now, along with the rest on 'em, you air, aint you?"

The words of compliment, no matter in what tongue they may be conveyed, are always understood by women; and the lady comprehended the purport of her admirer's speech. She answered not, however, but assumed an attitude of attention, while the Yankee continued:—"I'd like to see you down in our parts. The way sich a gal as you would set the beaus a sparkin' would be a caution to snakes.—Starch and the ile of bergamot would rise a few. What may your name be, if I mought be so bold, Miss?"

RETURN was even more successful than before in obtaining comprehension, for the lady answered without hesitation, "HAN-SUM."

"Waell," replied RETURN, "I rather guess they named you about right, for you air a leetle about the darned sight the prettiest critter of the women kind I ever did see. PRUDENCE JONES is universally allowed to take the shine off all creation in our parts, an' she aint no touch to you, no how. Her father, the Deacon, is about the meanest skin flint in all natur. Ye never heern tell of the way he sarved me, did ye? Waell, it was about the stinkiest trick. I'll tell ye."

By this time, however, Mr. PIGSNORT remembered that the lady could not understand a word of the New England vernacular, and so ceased talking. But looks and gestures must have supplied the place of words, for about fifteen minutes after, an officer from a distant pro-

vince entering the hall in search of the mandarins of the court, discovered the two in closer propinquity than such short acquaintance warranted, and saw the Yankee, with his arm around the Princess, and about to salute her lips, after the fashion of his country.

"Fanqui!" exclaimed the affrighted Chinese. "Fanqui!" repeated he; and ran in alarm from the apartment.

"Dern that feller's yeller slippers!" exclaimed RETURN, vexed at the interruption, "he ought to be sewed up in a sheepskin, and swung from the top bough of a hiccory."

But the whole place was now aroused. The report spread that an audacious foreign barbarian had penetrated the country, and was about to carry off the princess. The guards were summoned, in force, and appeared on the scene, with the Emperor at their heels; the intruder was seized, with some difficulty bound, and conveyed to the inner chamber. The princess was examined, and she, speaking warmly in defence of the conduct of the Yankee, the Emperor was at a loss what to do. Fortunately So-slo, at that moment entered, having returned from his mission, and the Emperor addressed himself to him.

"So-slo," exclaimed the monarch, ascending his throne, "I have another errand for thee. Proclaim through the empire, and to the nations of the earth, that if my stolen son be returned in safety, I will not only pardon the offender who stole him, but advance him to high honors. A special edict. Let him tremble and obey. Now, cut your stick." So-slo departed, and the Emperor continued:—"Mandarins of the Court, shall we cause the Fanqui to be brought in?"

Now there was some danger in giving an opinion contrary to the perfection of reason; and every body knew that the perfection of reason, was the desire of the monarch. If the big mandarins nodded their head in the wrong way, they might become little mandarins—shorter by a head—and if the little mandarins shook their knowledge boxes imprudently, they might become no mandarins at all. So it was a delicate affair, involving much thought, and more life. His Celestial majesty grew impatient and repeated his question in a louder tone; adding politely—"Will you answer, and be d—d to you?"

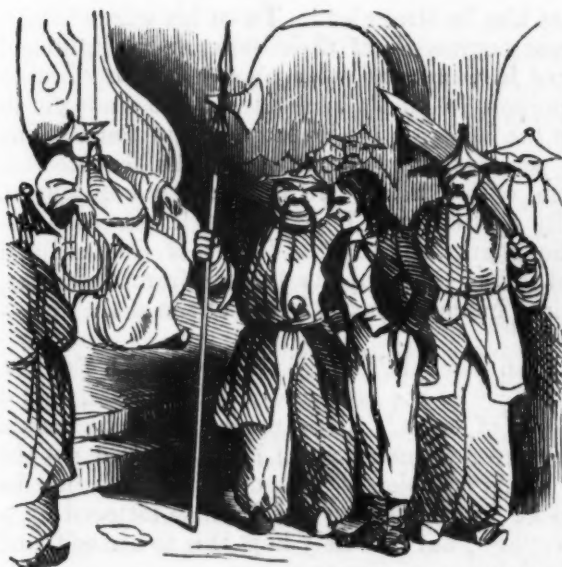
"As a matter of course;" said BIG-BUG, the chief Counsellor.

"Why," said DING-DONG, a remarkably famous mandarin, "in the first place it is necessary that we consider the points of the case. Firstly; who he is that we must bring in—Secondly; why he must be brought in—Thirdly; when he must be brought in—Fourthly; how he must be brought in—Fifthly; where he must be brought in—Sixthly; what he must be brought in—Seventhly:—"

"Close the door of your speech, and shoot the bolt!" metaphysically and metaphorically observed the Emperor. "What do you say, FOX-HEE?"

"Most potent of all monarchs, or rather the only real monarch;" answered the crafty mandarin, "my opinion is, that your majesty should consult your own judgment, seeing that your majesty has a better judgment than any here."

"FOX-HEE!" said SHOOD-SWING, "you are a man of sense. I have always thought so. I may mention, incidentally, that the rest here are asses. You and I are the boys. Bring in the prisoner."



At the signal given the officers entered with RETURN PIGSNORT in their custody. He shook them off, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, cried out angrily, "What on airth are you takin' on this way about, you pising serpents. If you don't take care, our Congress 'll give your Emperor an awful lickin' for captivatin' a free-born Yankee."

An interpreter was obtained, at length, and the prisoner's examination commenced. His replies

to all questions as to his intent were uniform—namely: that he had come to look about him, and examine the country. The Emperor next desired to know the history of the stranger; and on this being communicated to RETURN, he complied, at once with the request.

"Wuell, I guess," said he, "I aint got much to tell your fat old king there, that he would care to hear. I was born down to hum, at WEATHERSFIELD, in the State of CONNE'TICUT, whare they raise enough inyens to bring tears into the eyes of all creation, and I was brought up thare too, feedin' on punkin pies, clam chowder and sweetmeats of that character. When I got to be full grown, an' my own man, I commenced in the inventin' line. The first thing I did was to take out a paytent for a self-rocking machine. This was considered the 'cutest thing of the kind. Jest above a cradle, in which a child lay, I hung a piece of red flannin, by a string. The child would raise up to git at this; but, not reachin' it, he'd tilt the cradle to one side. Then he'd grab agin', and tilt the cradle to t'other; and so he'd go on, back'ards and for'ards, till he'd git to sleep. I made nigh a thousand dollars on this speculation; and then sold the entire paytent to a feller that wanted to interduce it, in the European countries.

"Bimeby there come a music teacher down to our place and got up a concert. All the gals got musical, and I sot to work to invent a new kind of pianney. I tuck a long box, divided it into leetle rooms, with a hole in each. I tuck a parcel of cats, from a leetle kitten up to a big Tom, and puttin' 'em in the rooms, I run their tails out of the holes. Then I tuck a leetle hammer, and bittin' 'em on the tails, they 'd squall like blazes. This made a capital instrument. The music teacher called it a catharpsickorey, an' said it had a compass of two octaves. I'd a done derved well with this; but METHUSELAH COFFIN made one with pigs instead of cats, and that made mine unfashionable."

"We will hear no more!" cried the Emperor, "we are trifled

with by the Fanqui. Let him be strangled! Twist his wizen!"(a)

Obedient to the beneficent commands of their sage and enlightened monarch, the guards seized RETURN, and were about to convey him to the court yard, for the purpose so kindly suggested. He made considerable resistance, and in the struggle his breast was laid bare. The moment this was done, a peculiar series of tattooed marks became visible, representing a woman with a fish's tail, and two hieroglyphics, which had been originally meant for an R and a P. These were discovered to be the peculiar marks of the royal family of CHINA; and the prisoner was surprised to find the Emperor descend from his throne, and clasp the restored heir to his breast, exclaiming at the same time—"SKOUN-DREL!"

"No more a scoundrel than you air," cried the indignant Yankee, struggling to release himself; "let me go, you tarnal old cuss, or I'll walk into ye, like a thousand of brick." It is probable that he would have proceeded to some violent demonstration of hostility, had not the interpreter informed him of the occasion of this outburst. At this he laughed immoderately, as he knew that he had been so tattooed by a shipmate, on a whaling voyage; but he wisely kept this to himself, and determined to profit by the delusion of SHOOD-SWING.

Of the further fate of the Yankee, we have no direct information; the Chinese Chronicle, from which we gather his history, giving little more. His brother SETH, after waiting for many weeks, coasted down to MACAO, and selling his sloop to a Hong merchant, went back with a venture of tea, in a homeward bound ship, reporting his brother as dead. But, as Mr. CUSHING, our late ambassador at CHINA, has informed us, that the Emperor of the Celestials married a cousin, the Princess HAN-SUM; and TSI-YENG, the Commissioner, was commissioned, in addition to other commissions, to inquire whether the American minister was acquainted with the PIGSNORTS of WEATHERSFIELD; (b) we may draw our own inferences. It verily appears to us, that by this strange freak of chance, a Yankee boy rules the Celestial people; and we should be little surprised, if, in some few years, the books of the United States Hotel, at SARATOGA, records among others of renown, the name of the Emperor of CHINA.

(a) We could find no word in the English language into which we could render this. It is absolutely untranslatable.

(b) For an account of this, see No. XLI. of Mr. Cushing's published correspondence.

A SQUIB.

"A MAN who *sits* all day, be tired!" you say, "how so?"
 "He may be not-with-standing tired, you know!"

ART. XVI.—NOTES ABOUT MEN OF NOTE.

EDGAR A. POE, ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE BROADWAY JOURNAL.

He never rests. There is a small steam-engine in his brain, which not only sets the cerebral mass in motion, but keeps the owner in hot water. His face is a fine one, and well gifted with intellectual beauty. Ideality, with the power of analysis, is shown in his very broad, high and massive forehead—a forehead which would have delighted GALL beyond measure. He would have made a capital lawyer—not a very good advocate, perhaps, but a famous unraveller of all subtleties. He can thread his way through a labyrinth of absurdities, and pick out the sound thread of sense from the tangled skein with which it is connected. He means to be candid, and labours under the strange hallucination that he is so; but he has strong prejudices, and, without the least intention of irreverence, would wage war with the DEITY, if the divine canons militated against his notions. His sarcasm is subtle and searching. He can do nothing in the common way; and buttons his coat after a fashion peculiarly his own. If we ever caught him doing a thing like any body else, or found him reading a book any other way than upside down, we should implore his friends to send for a strait-jacket, and a Bedlam doctor. He were mad, then, to a certainty.

II. RICHARD ADAMS LOCKE, THE AUTHOR OF THE "MOON HOAX."

He is an abstraction in human dress—an idea in trowsers. There is an absolute atmosphere of dreams about his massive head. He moves among cotton-bales, sugar-hogsheads and bipedal donkeys, like air through a crevice, unconsciously. He eats and drinks like other human beings; but he thinks like a god. He is full of strange projects; and successful he can be, in the strangest of them all. He is about to travel North in search of the magnetic centre. We have full faith that we shall see him, two years hence, walking the streets of NEW YORK, with a dozen of chips from the north pole in his left coat-skirt pocket. If there are any means of reaching Heaven by air-balloons, he would be the man to effect it. The Christian religion would not last six months. He would organize a company to carry the whole world to Heaven at sixpence a-head—children half-price, and black women to tend the babies, gratis.

III. N. P. WILLIS, ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE EVENING MIRROR.

He is possessed of two devils. One is the devil of the *writer*, who is a freakish spirit, and cuts up strange capers with the pen, leaping about like an incarnate Bedlam, and vexing the ghost of LINDLEY MURRAY, with strange, and 'til now unheard-of combinations of words. It is a pleasant demon withal; and while it always amuses, sometimes throws instruction around—wheat grains remaining when the wind of criticism has blown the chaff about, and blinded the critic in his right eye. The other is the devil of the *man*, that has many angel-points about him—a manly, sincere devil, with a kind glance of a blue eye, and a warm shake of the hand, and a cry of—"How are you, my dear fellow?" You wonder how these two devils can exist together—it is a psychological curiosity—a subject for hand-lifting and grievous astonishment. Before you know him you would not make his acquaintance for the

world:—when you know him you would not lose his friendship for a dozen of worlds.

IV. **GEORGE P. MORRIS, THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS," ETC.**—He naturally follows the other, whom he loves—and he loses no affection. He is just the man whom, if you would meet in the street and did not know, you would ask for the use of his umbrella. You would be shocked if he refused, though the rain poured in a torrent, and he were going in a different direction. When he married, doubtless, he never asked the lady to be his. He gave himself to her, because in the fullness of his heart he could not help it. If he ever goes to **HADES**, it will be from a charitable feeling towards the **DEVIL**, who lacks good fellows in the infernal regions. He seems to regret that he has not the **UNITED STATES** for one big house; and a large "Mammoth Cave" underneath for a wine-cellar, that he might invite the whole world to "eat, drink, and be merry." He has written a great deal of nonsense; but it is an undeniable fact that some of his songs are the sweetest in the language, and linger on the ear like the last echo of the last tone of a distant bell. Long life to the "Brigadier"! May he and "mi-boy" die together, in the year 2845; and be billeted in a snug little room in **ELYSIUM**, with plenty of cigars, mint-juleps, with fresh straws in the tumbler, and daily numbers of the "Celestial Gazette."

V. **HORACE GREELEY, THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.**—He might stand for a painter, who desired to represent sin. He is as ugly as sin, that is, as sin is, not as she appears—as untiring as sin—and as energetic as sin; but rather more honest. He always means to be right; always conceives he is in the right; but, by some means, in nine cases out of ten, is in the wrong. He walks the street with huge strides—feeling like **GULLIVER**, among the little people of **LILLIPUT**. He cares for nobody, though a good many care for him; and would be very apt, if he were introduced to the Emperor of **RUSSIA**, to ask the Autocrat for a chew of tobacco—did he chew; but he does not, so that falls to the ground. He loves progress; and therefore, he grows. Some say he is a great fungus on society; or rather a great pimple on the nose of the body-politic, and is of much use as a conduit pipe for the discharge of all foul matters. That may be; but he deserves credit for perseverance, industry and energy. If he should go to the naughty place when he dies, we caution our old friend, the **DEVIL**, to beware of him. He will organize a party there and endeavor to elect a new President of the Brimstone republic. He will strive to supplant the spiritual, with the earthly **Old HARRY**.

VI. **CHARLES EAMES, EDITOR OF THE NEW WORLD.**—A transcendentalist, yet not all transcendental. He has an etherial look and talks etherially. There is "speculation in his eyes." He can pour out a whole book, of his own, in an hour's conversation. He reminds you a little of **COLERIDGE**, a little of **BROWNSON**, a little of **CARLYLE**, and a great deal of **EMERSON**. He lacks physical power. He is a kind of intellectual monster, nature having given him a double allowance of soul, to an ordinary allowance of body. Hence his brain is too small to act as the agent of his thought—his tongue has not sufficient power to speak it, nor his fingers to put it on paper. He ought to have two

brains, two tongues, and two pair of hands; with a dozen familiar spirits to set up his lucubrations in type, and a dozen steam presses to print them off. From this lack of means to get rid of his superfluous thinking, he seems to have a thousand horse-power of thought, and a lightning-like velocity of tongue. Hence his words poured out in volume, sometimes become pseudo-chaotic, and the mind is wearied if it follow out his thought. He is a "friend of progress," squints lovingly at the "community system," and has a fine dash of enthusiasm, which is refreshing in this land of humdrum.

VII. H. C. DEMING, ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE SATURDAY EMPORIUM. —There is no transcendentalism about him. He has a profound contempt for FOURIER, thinks BRISBANE a noodle, cocks up his nose at ROBERT OWEN, and calls for his brandy and water with an air of defiance to Temperance societies. He eschews bran bread, and detests saw-dust pudding. Fun is to him a part of human life; and the only statue of the ancients which strikes his fancy is that of MOMUS. He was once caught with a serious face, and his friends were greatly alarmed. Some thought he had suffered under some severe domestic calamity. On inquiry, it was found that he had discovered an original idea in one of LONGFELLOW's poems; and he was shocked at the extraordinary occurrence. He writes, as an engine throws water at a fire; not particular who may be ducked, so he hits at last in the proper place. He bestows a superabundance of the liquid upon his object; and is not satisfied with putting out the fire of his opponent. He pours on—pours on—until he exhausts all the water at his command—and then holds up to have himself refilled by a moment's quiet.

ART. XVII.—SONNET.

WHY should I slumber? Man is made for motion,
 God so ordains it, and as he ordains
 We move: we are the ripples on the ocean
 Of passing time: our pleasures and our pains
 But try our capability for life.
 Awake then, soul! press onward to the strife;
 Thy falchion buckle; gird thine armour on!
 Fling to the winds thy glittering gonfalon!
 Spend well the ephemeral moments which remain,
 The approbation of thyself to gain—
 That self-reward than which no richer gem
 Sparkles in gold upon a diadem;
 And when thy life and struggle here is o'er—
 Go humbly to thy God, and know thy woes no more.

ART. XVIII.—THE HANGING OF POLLY BODINE.

THERE is fun in prospective—thank God for his mercies !
 With hope-strengthened vigour, the news-vender cries,
 As he thinks of the paper, with wood-cuts and verses,
 To be sold for a cent, when the criminal dies.

“

It will be a great day for a healthy amusement;
 And those not inside will experience a loss,
 And envy the men of that time when the Jews went
 In crowds, unrestrained, to see death on the Cross.

“

A woman to hang! how the priest will cut capers—
JACK KETCH at the thought of it merrily sings;
 And minutely describe it they will in the papers,
 Every shake of her petticoats, boys, as she swings.

“

SPAIN talks of her bull-fights—they're tame we assure ye;
 They never go off with the proper éclat;
 Give us the good work of a judge and a jury,
 The breaking of necks by the process of law.

“

Yet fond as we are of the gallows, confession
 Obliges us here to say, better 't would be,
 And more likely on rogues to make proper impression,
 If they'd open the jail doors for people to see.

“

They are thirsty for blood: let them look at her swinging,
 Let them see her fierce kicks as the halter-rope draws;
 That they all may go home to their beds gaily singing,
 And sleep in contentment, applauding the laws.

ART. XIX.—THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

AT the time that we sit down to prepare this article, a month has not elapsed since the inauguration of Col. **POLK**, as President of the UNITED STATES. The new executive officer of the republic has done little more than to select his official advisers. A few changes, and a few only, have been made in the departments of public service; and most of these arose from vacancies made by non-action of the Senate on nominations, or by the expiration of official terms. Yet we find, at so early a day, all the signs of a political tempest. The various factions already begin to grumble and rail. One complains that the friends of Mr. **CALHOUN** have been neglected; and their chieftain treated with intentional disrespect. Another declares that Mr. **BENTON** has not been consulted; and that friends for whom he made special instance have been removed from office. A third pronounces that the administration has commenced an indiscriminate and “bloody butchery” of all those

Democrats who accepted office under Mr. TYLER. Another finds fault because Mr. BUCHANAN, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the succession, was called to the Cabinet; while General CASS received no such distinction. A fifth informs us, with tears in his eyes, that the friends of Messrs. VAN BUREN and WRIGHT have not received all the offices in New York; and gravely deplores the necessity which will induce those statesmen to make war upon the administration. A sixth shouts from the house top that Mr. WALKER, under the connivance of the administration, has been playing a double game on the Texas question, in order while he retained the South, to grasp the North, and so secure the nomination as Vice President, on the same ticket with Mr. WRIGHT, in 1848. A seventh, making a march into the very bowels of absurdity, proclaims that the President tendered to Mr. WRIGHT his choice of places in the Cabinet; and is about to fly to the embraces of the "Old Hunkers," and restore to influence the corrupt cabal, whose folly caused the defeat of the party in 1840, and whom the people—their constant haters—rebuked by the election of Col. POLK. All these are the mere cries of disappointed men, who have endeavoured to mould this administration to their purposes, and who have failed. Their clamour can neither aid them, nor coerce the President. The latter, in the exercise of the prerogative with which he is invested by the Constitution, will make his selections, of the official agents, from among those who are most worthy, or retain in office such as are efficient, honest and of undoubted Democracy. Whether they possess those qualifications he, and he only, will judge from the evidence before him.

That Mr. CALHOUN was treated with the highest disrespect is not true; and it is equally false that his friends have been neglected. That Mr. BENTON has not been made a standing counsellor, is not to be wondered at. His course on the Texas question during the late canvass, a course which lost TENNESSEE to the party, has been but illy compensated by his tardy yielding to public opinion, at the last moment. This, with his threat to force the administration to a compliance with his views, has placed him in a position, which prevents his advice being sought for, with anxiety. Nor is it true that the administration have removed, or will remove any one, because he had accepted office under Mr. TYLER. It removes on good cause, or what it believes to be such—and does not ask by whom the removed was appointed. It is as fully aware as the noisy claimants that the friends of Mr. TYLER, did their duty to the Democratic party during the late canvass, and mainly contributed to the glorious result. That Mr. BUCHANAN received the State department, is true; and he will fill it, with distinguished ability; but to deny the President to make such a choice as he may deem fit, is to place him in the condition of a puppet, and move him by the wires of faction. He is responsible to the nation, and not to the friends of Mr. CASS, or any other. That the friends of Messrs. VAN BUREN and WRIGHT have not received all the vacant offices in NEW YORK, or replaced those Democrats of capability and honesty who now hold official stations, is not to be wondered at. They have received a full share already. When we consider (without referring to the fact that they hold all the State offices in NEW YORK,) how near they came to defeat-

ing Col. POLK; how far they threw him behind the whole ticket in the State; and how zealously they opposed the annexation of TEXAS; we think they might take what they have received, and be thankful. That Mr. WALKER ever engaged in the intrigue charged, is not only untrue, but improbable. For Mr. WALKER well knows, that Mr. WRIGHT—a most excellent man and honest Democrat—since his election as Governor—partly by an unfortunate distribution of patronage, and partly by his indecisive course in regard to the rent question, has become undeservedly, but nevertheless, highly unpopular. That he should ever be nominated for the Presidency, is a remote and almost impossible contingency. Besides, Mr. WALKER is a bold, straight-forward honest statesman, who is ignorant of the manœuvring and trickery which occupy meaner minds.

There yet remains one charge against the administration to be disposed of. As it has been so generally stated, and is so heinous, it deserves a longer consideration—not to show that it is untrue, for the burthen of proof lies on the libellers—but that a little consideration of former occurrences might have prevented such a charge from having obtained the least credence. To do this we will recur to events, not long passed.

After the defeat of Mr. VAN BUREN, in 1840, people began to examine why a statesman so very cautious had been so utterly overwhelmed and disgraced. An investigation soon developed the truth that the odium into which the administration of 1836 was plunged, arose, in addition to the absence of any achievement on its part, from the corruption and folly of the men who were in its strictest confidence, and constituted the cabal behind the throne. This being impressed on the public mind, when the attempt was made to re-nominate Mr. VAN BUREN, and thus restore the old reign, a determined revolt took place in the party. Such a strength and vigour did this assume, that when the convention met, its members felt the necessity of abandoning the man of LINDENWALD. They adopted the two-third rule to aid in their retreat; and by the operation of this rule destroyed Mr. VAN BUREN. The next business was to take up a man, who would be free from improper influence, who would be generally acceptable, and would not restore a dynasty whose rule had worked such ruin. The eyes of the convention, impressed with this necessity, were turned towards Colonel POLK, who received the nomination with enthusiastic unanimity.

When the final action of the convention had been had, the scattered remnants of the Albany junto proclaimed it to be the result of fraud; and through their organ in this city, declared it to have no binding force on the Democratic party. Mr. WRIGHT, who was nominated as Vice President on the same ticket with Mr. POLK, contemptuously refused what he pleased to consider the insult. A trial was then made to irritate the friends of Mr. TYLER, and thus force them to keep their leader, against his will, in the field. All attempts to do justice to him, and thus unite the party, met with their active hostility; and taunts and jeers were liberally bestowed on him and his friends. When, by the liberal and manly course of General JACKSON, Mr. RITCHIE, and others, with the sanction of Mr. POLK, mutual concession and honorable justice was rendered, and the Republican party, united and irresistible, took the field, a new motion was made. The celebrated "seeret circu-

lar" was issued, and a plot concocted to defeat Colonel POLK, while the rest of the ticket should be sustained. This failed, but the plotters succeeded in throwing Colonel POLK, as we before said, and as every one knows, several thousand votes in the State, behind every other man on the Democratic ticket.

Thus met and disconcerted at every turn, a new scheme was projected. It was now thought to make the *GLOBE*, the official newspaper of the government, with Mr. BLAIR as its conductor, and thus place the administration under the surveillance and control of the old and odious power. A silly attempt was added, to use General JACKSON as the instrument of the cabal, and to prostitute his justly-acquired influence to their purposes. We were told that no new paper could have the circulation of the *GLOBE*—as though the administration did not know that extensive circulation would immediately follow the organship—and that it was due the friends of Mr. VAN BUREN to give them this distinction; and that without it a war would be made upon the administration, and carried on to the uttermost. Here they were met by the iron nerve and indomitable firmness of the new President, who checked the caballers, exposed and defeated their plans, and scattered them in confusion and disgrace.

President POLK is a man of self-respect, decision and an ardent desire to make his administration of service to his country. For himself, he has no desire of renown, beyond the laudable ambition of virtue, and does not seek a re-election. He could never therefore fall into the embraces of a faction who have done all they could to defeat and disgrace him; and who are odious to the Democratic party. He is fully aware, that popular as he is, personally, any connection with that exploded cabal, would arouse a bitter feeling, terminating in the most terrible and destructive action. The same force which destroyed Mr. VAN BUREN would again enter the field. Its action would be prompt and decisive; and the result of the action, sooner or later, would be of the old kind. The worn-out faction, galvanized by executive favour, would be again slain. The administration linked with it would suffer from its fate. It would become odious to the party, contemptible to the people, and too weak to effect any desirable end. If this were to be the result of a right action, the President would meet and sustain it. But to suppose that he would provoke a deadly opposition, in order to especially violate the confidence of the people, is to impute to President POLK a perfidy and meanness that neither his past life nor present action deserve.

It will be seen how little there is to sustain any charge against the President, which involves his connection with the "Old Hunker" faction. Let all men be assured that he will conduct this administration with independence and justice; that he will call around him the wise and good of all portions of the Democratic party, without giving undue preponderance to any clique; and that, when the people shall have ceased to demand his services, he will lay down his power of office, and retire to private life with the consciousness of having performed the duty entrusted to him by the majority of the nation. With this assurance seated at their hearts, the lovers of free institutions will think, speak and act, in the manner best calculated to preserve the integrity of the Democratic party.

OUR PIGEON HOLES.

THE MONTH.—Matters of importance have occurred since the publication of our last number. Owing to the erroneous impression that the national administration was going over to the "Old Hunker" faction, or anti-Texas clique, we were beaten in Connecticut. The Whigs decreased their vote a few hundred—we five thousand. In the city of New Haven alone, owing to an appointment made from among the old spoilsmen, over two-thirds of the Democratic electors stayed at home, and our vote fell to a mere moiety of its usual strength.

On the other hand, to compensate for this, we have routed the "Nativist" party in New York city, in a most unexpected manner. Last year they carried twelve of the wards, and elected their Mayor—by a majority of near four thousand—this year they did not carry a single ward, and we have elected Havemeyer by nearly seven thousand over Harper. In Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, the change has been proportionately great. "Nativism" is completely dead. The next fall election in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania will bury it.

But the greatest triumph is the election of the Liberation candidate, Jackson, for Governor of Rhode Island, over the Algerine, Fenner, and the increase of the Liberation men, in the State Legislature. A friend has handed us the following squib on the matter, which we think has fun, and not a little point:

THE ALGERINE ROUT.

There is fuming and fretting in little Rhode Island;
And the Whigs they look gloomy and sad by the way;
There are shouts in each valley and fires on each highland;
There is gnashing of teeth, and the devil to pay.
It is harder by far than the Algerine war,
For a triumph is had to the friends of Tom Dorr;
And the Fennerites swear in not very choice Saxon—
Such as "Gemini!" "Cuss it!" "G-d d-n!" and "Oh, Lor!"—
That hell has defeated their man, and not Jackson.
All National Hall's in a ferment, and Reynolds,
With pomposity more than an egg-laying hen holds;
With Webb, of the Courier, and Snooks, of the Journal,
Are out with a din in their papers diurnal,
That rivals and somewhat excels the infernal.
Oh! never was known such a wonderful time—
As a man who will think on the facts would suppose—
Since Tuckerman first murdered rhythm in rhyme;
Or bonnie Miss Fuller prosed so in her prose.
So in order that *our* native kindness may have a vent,
We being, every one knows, quite benevolent;
And by way of a spoonful of kind consolation,
We will tell them a tale from our own observation.

There once was a jackass—the breed has not passed,
Nor will it while Sammons has powers procreative—
A jackass, whose ears of the largest surpassed,
Those ears that on Ewing are so decorative.
This donkey a whim in his head took, to stay
A huge locomotive—that ran every day
On a railroad which stretched itself closely his stable to—
Dragging a train—as 't was certainly able to.
For he said: "If this thing becomes common, of course,
There's an end of employment for me and the horse;
And this coal-eating, hot-water, drinking monstrosity,
Leaves us both objects of mere curiosity,

Worthless and friendless and earning our keep ill,
Burthens upon, and despised by the people.
If this I permit, may I turn to a monkey,
Inst. ad of a sober, respectable donkey!"

So, out on the railroad he stood, one fine morning,
With a bray, long and loud, as a token of warning;
Proclaiming, if any thing dared to come further,
There 'd be a most liberal allowance of murder—
On this they might place the most certain reliance—
Then flourished his heels as a sign of defiance.

The engine came puffing, the hot-water steed,
And, nearing the donkey, it lessened its speed—
But reaching a bridge, and the passengers swearing—
The men-folks, the women contented with staring—
They 'd as lief be upset, or go back on the track, as
Be stopped in the way by an obstinate jackass,
The man at the furnace the fire gave a stir,
The engine itself gave a start and a whirr—
And the beast who withstood it, with yell melancholic,
Described from the bridge top, a curve parabolic.
The engine went on—but alas! for the jackass!
Every bone was found cracked in his obstinate carcase.

The past month was signalized by other matters. A reduction of postage was effected, by a most unjust and clumsily constructed bill, which will require a deal of revision, before the new system will work properly. We have, however, a very energetic and systematic Postmaster General, in Cave Johnson.

The Texas resolutions, which we had intended to review here, but find ourselves without space, were finally passed by the Senate, with a tag entirely useless. For this addition gave a choice to the President, of *modus operandi*, and Mr. Tyler, whose term had not expired, chose the joint resolutions, and despatched an official notification of the fact, to the government of Texas. The latest news from Texas shows that the people of that country have driven the government in; and so far as their confirmation can do it, annexation is done. There is a great obstacle yet, however. The constitution of the new state will be submitted to Congress, at the next session; and the Whigs have given formal notice of their opposition to its acceptance. They are aided by the "secret circular" clique, of the Democratic party, whose hostility to the measure is still unabated. These last propose to effect their object, by other means than the Whigs, namely: to gain possession of the administration, and thus control Congress through the Executive patronage. They proclaim their success already; but they will find that President Polk is not their tool, nor the tool of any one. He will crush their hopes and them. Nevertheless, the friends of Texas should be united, combined, and have a formidable front. Treason to the main issue of the party at the last canvass should be punished with political death, although the party be shaken to pieces thereby. Out of a political triumph on plain issues, the people will not be cheated.

The corrupt and vile caucus system has received a new blow, in Pennsylvania, by the election of Simon Cameron, to the United States Senate, in lieu of the caucus candidate, for the unexpired term of James Buchanan. General Cameron is a staunch Democrat—but Pennsylvanian in his notions as all Senators from that State have to be—and possesses tact, energy, talent and discretion. He is a very able man, self-made, and his life has been full of bustle. We shall very probably present our readers with his likeness shortly, accompanied with a biographical sketch.

The "rent" difficulties increase and spread. We should like to have such a man as

Andrew Jackson was, at the head of affairs. Under a bold and dexterous manager, the whole insurrection would be suppressed in a week. To temporize with rebels and traitors, is to beget a contempt for laws, violate the oath of office, and convert the government to an anarchy. As energetic measures seem to be not in vogue, we recommend a surrender on the part of the Governor of his executive authority, to "Little Thunder." If King Mob is to reign, let us hasten to acknowledge our master.

In England, and on the Continent, there seems to be little stirring. The East is also uncommonly quiet—there not being more than one fight a week among the petty tribes. The British government seem to have been sobered down by Calhoun's determined letter; the mission of the Duc de Broglie has as yet produced no open action; and the scene of British intrigue has been changed from the Thames to the Brazos. The removal of the duty on cotton is a matter of no moment to us. England must have our staple. The bluster of the English press, in regard to the Texas resolutions, and the President's Message, is funny—very funny—but nothing more.

MUSIC FOR THE BLIND.—The great difficulty with the musical instruction of the blind, has been to invent any system of raised notes by which they will be enabled to sing, *at sight*, as it is termed; but really, *at feeling*. Mr. Herrman S. Saroni, of New York, has invented a series of arbitrary characters, which has successfully supplied the want; and the gentlemen who conduct the affairs of the New York institution for the instruction of the blind, after full examination, have fully approved of it. From the inspection we have given the matter, we should not be surprised if the new system took the place of ordinary musical notation altogether. Mr. Saroni, besides being a very gifted composer, possesses high inventive genius. He is about to secure the patent-right to a new matter, which, though simple in its construction, will be apt to create the greatest sensation in the musical world. We shall probably notice it, in our next.

PLUMBE.—The likeness of Mr. Dallas, in our present number, was taken from a Daguerreotype, by Plumbe. The Photographic galleries of Plumbe, by-the-by, are curiosities worth a visit. They are established in every city of note in the union; and contain likenesses of every distinguished man in the country. Plumbe has brought his art to great perfection; and made it serviceable to artists in general; for the creation of these kind of pictures generates a purer taste, and creates a demand for the productions of the pencil.

STATE ARMS.—By the report of the Commissary General of New York, we find that there are in the possession of the State—203 iron cannon; 208 brass cannon; 48,349 muskets; 2,888 rifles; 1,133 carbines; 684 pairs of pistols; 3,811 swords; 16,958 sets of infantry equipments; 3,044 new artillery sword belts; 500 sets dragoon equipments; 388,000 rounds of musket cartridges; 19,000 rounds of pistol cartridges; 900 12 and 24 pounder howitzer shells; 1,515 rounds of cannon shot; besides a large amount of minor munitions. The necessity of proper storehouses for these is evident. The arsenal at New York city is a disgrace to the State. It is highly dangerous to the neighborhood, and utterly useless as a protection to the State property. It should be pulled down, and another erected on its site, after the model proposed by General Storms, in his report.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—We have just read the "gossip" in the last month's Knickerbocker, for the fifth time. They picture mermaids, fair in the head, neck and body, but shockingly scaly in the lower end. The Knickerbocker is just the reverse. It is "scaly" at the beginning, but more than "fair" at the end. We advise the editor to cut out all save his own queer quiddities; and then charge double price for the work.

THEATRICAL.—The drama, which as an amusement, will never be suppressed by public opinion, and can never be by legislative enactment, has been pronounced to be in a state of decline. This is not true. The scandalous manner in which theatres have been conducted for many years, is on the decline—and well is such a state of affairs for the public morals. When the drama shows the improvement which every other art displays, and plays are constructed no more after the defective models afforded by by-gone centuries; when a theatrical company is chosen for its merits and harmony of delineation, the drama will reassume its palmy state. Till then, though it will decline no further, it will remain in a sickly state, quickened to occasional health by the stimulus of novelty alone. This last matter imparted a new life to the Park lately, when a comedy, ostensibly written by Mrs. Mowatt, was presented to the public. It was well put on the stage, well cast and well enacted.—There were hosts of *claquers* in the house, and the press united in a conspiracy to ensure its success. It has died at length, however, as it should. For what could be expected of a comedy whose wit consisted in the exclamation of “I told you so!” by one of the characters; whose humor in the epithet of “Old Cattaraugus!” applied to another; and whose characters and sentiment, stolen from olden plays, were relieved by neither incident, interest nor plot?

CHINA.—We have some strictures on the conduct of Mr. Cushing in the Chinese treaty, which may be enlarged to a long paper. We shall see.

REPORT OF THE PATENT OFFICE.—The last annual report of the Commissioner of Patents is an interesting, though very bulky document. We have just finished its perusal, and find in it some matters for future discussion.

OUR BOOK SHELVES.

“*Eothen, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East.* New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1845.” 8vo, pp. 232.

“*Mary Schweidler, the Amber witch. The most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known, printed from an imperfect manuscript by her father, Abraham Schweidler, the Pastor of Coserow, in the Island of Usedom. Edited by W. Meinhold, Doctor of Theology, and Pastor, etc. Translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon.* New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.” 8vo, pp. 180. (From the American Publishers.)

These are the first of a series, issued under the title “Library of Choice Reading”—and edited, we believe, by Evert A. Duyckinck. Be the editor who he may, he has shown good taste and tact thus far; for more racy and original works have not issued from the press during our recollection.

“*Eothen*” is the most lively of travel-books. A spirit of fun which never flags, felicity of expression which never is at fault, a power of description which enables him to convey a picture by a single line—a freshness of style and manner which is a cool bath amid the heat and dust of ordinary book-reading—these are the qualities of our author. From the title-page to the close, this book presents us with an unbroken array of interest and incident, which none can peruse without the most intense delight.

“*The Amber Witch*” is of another class. It is written with that minuteness of description, that gathering in of accessories, that enrolment of interest, and that earnestness of narration, which are the characteristics, and form the charm of the romances of Defoe. Our feelings are excited in favor of the heroine, and against her enemies; we love the old parson, and are ready to shake hands with the young noble. The conclusion—though not very artistical, because not in keeping with the prejudice of the time—relieves the reader, whose nerves have been stretched through the book, to their utmost tension. If the “Library” is to consist of such books as these two, we feel bound to recommend it, cordially and earnestly, to all classes of the community.

"*A History of Greece. By the Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Lord Bishop of St. Davids, in two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1845.*" 8vo, pp. 592—535. (From the Publishers.)

A cheap, but neat edition, of a most candid and valuable work.

"*The Library of Commerce: Practical, Historical and Theoretical. By Freeman Hunt, Editor of the Merchants' Magazine, etc. Volume I. New York: Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, 142 Fulton street. 1845.*" 18mo, pp. 342. (From the Publishers.)

A capital selection of essays—of great use to the merchant, and of interest to all all readers. The papers are three, treating on the Commercial Intercourse with China, the British Corn Laws, and Commercial Delusions.

"*Human Magnetism; its claims to Dispassionate Inquiry. Being an attempt to show the utility of its application to the relief of human suffering. By W. Newnham, Esq., M. K. S. L. Author of "The Reciprocal Influences of Body and Mind, etc. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.*" 12mo, pp. 396. (From the American Publisher.)

We have read this work twice with great care; the second time in hope to discover its meaning, and learn whether its author is a madman or fool. We confess our inability to fulfil the object of our search; and in all candour avow that the book is a farrago of imbecility, cant, and falsehood.

"*Hydropathy, or the Water Cure: its principles, modes of treatment, etc. Illustrated with many cases. Compiled chiefly from the most eminent European authors on the subject. By Joel Shev, M. D. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.*" 12mo, pp. 360. (From the Publishers.)

This book is a mass of drivelling nonsense, written in a language neither Choctaw nor English, by a man whose general ignorance manifests itself on every page. We have reserved it, as one of the bases of a review, to be given in our next number.

"*The Standard Edition.—The Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments; and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America: together with the Psalter, or Psalms of David. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers, No. 82 Cliff street. Stereotyped by H. W. Hewet.*" 8vo, pp. 580-111. (From the Publishers.)

A beautiful and chaste edition, quietly bound, printed with large type, and black ink, on good white paper. It is pleasant to the eyes, and likely to supersede all other editions, for church and family use.

"*Keeping House and Housekeeping. A story of Domestic Life. Edited by Sarah J. Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1845.*" 18mo, pp. 143. (From the Publishers.)

This little volume is very sensible, we dare say. It is very useful, medicinally; for, on attempting to peruse it, during a wakeful fit one night, we went to sleep before we reached the fifth page. For this reason we recommend it to all invalids, whose sleeplessness will not yield to opium.

"*Guano; its origin, properties, and uses, showing its importance to the Farmers of Farmers of the United States as a cheap and valuable manure: with directions for using it. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.*" Pamph. 8vo, pp. 80. (From the Publishers.)

A highly instructive pamphlet, which should be read by every farmer in the country.

"*Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane. By Pliny Earle, M. D., Physician to the Institution. New York: Egbert, Hovey & King, Printers, 374 Pearl street. 1845.*" Pamph. 8vo, pp. 55. (From the Publishers.)

We desire to call attention to this brief, but able document. It is written by a kind-hearted man and excellent physician, who has embodied in the compass of a few pages, a great deal of interesting information. The statistics he has given, tend to confirm strongly the proper theory of insanity.